Feb. 23, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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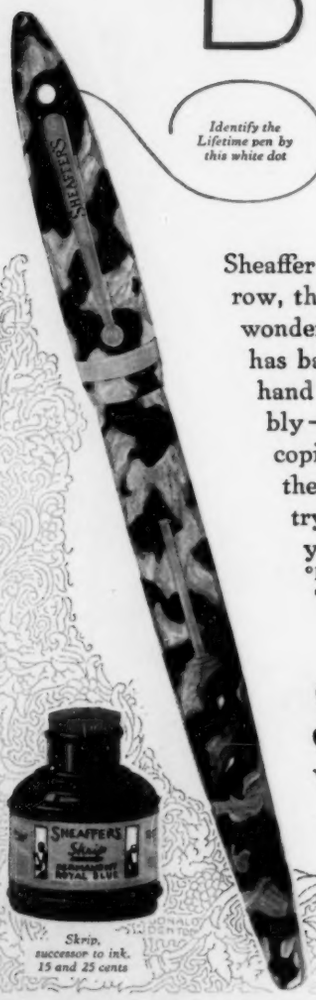

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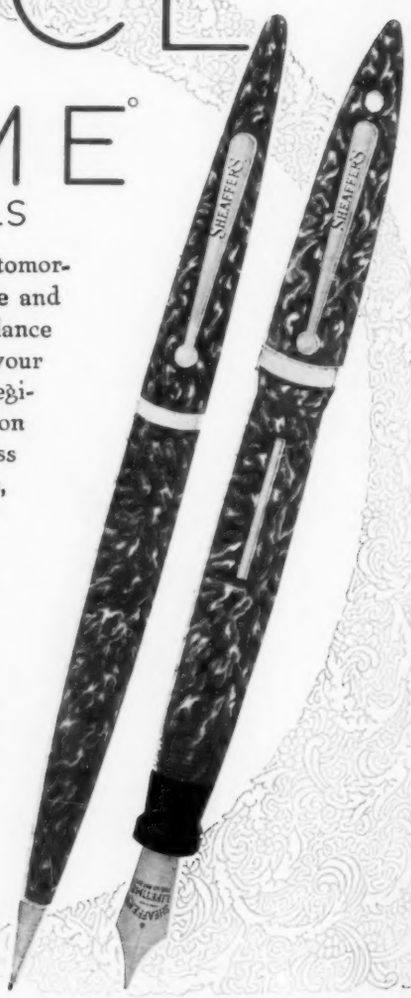

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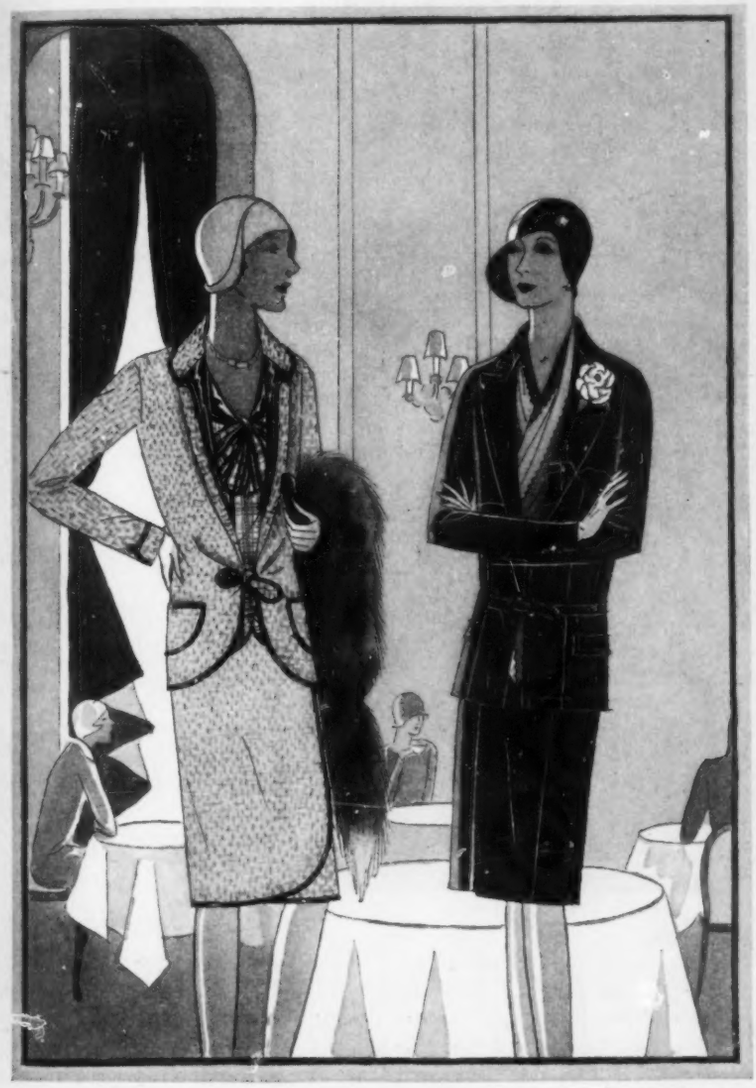

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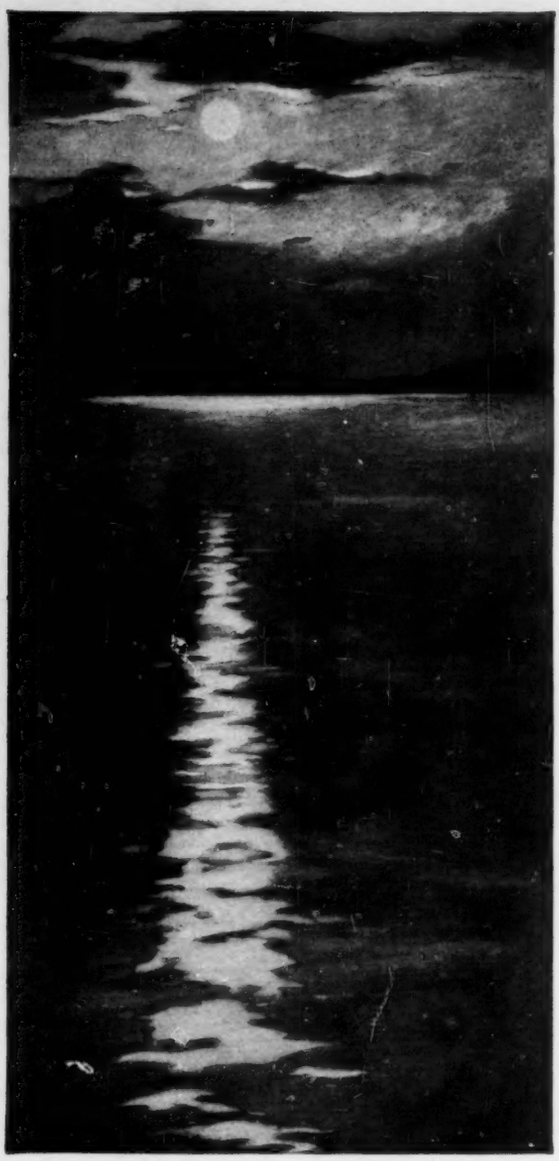

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CORDAY
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 2]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—A painstaking dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel of New York society in the eighteen-seventies, heightened by Katharine Cornell's performance. (Empire, B'way at 40. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

CAPRICE—Complete triumph of acting and direction over unimportant material. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt are superb. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Washington's Birthday, Wed., and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"The Master Builder," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 22.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in a fine production of Tchekov's play. (Sat. Mat., Feb. 23; Wed. Mat., Feb. 27.) . . . "The Good Hope," a Dutch sea tragedy. (Sat. Eve., Feb. 23.) . . . "Katerina," from the Russian of Leonid Andreyev, with Nazimova. (Mon. Eve., Feb. 25, première; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 27 and Mar. 1.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie play. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 26; Sat. Mat., Mar. 2.) . . . "On the High Road," Tchekov's one-act play, and "The Lady from Alfaqueque," Spanish light comedy. (Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 28 and Mar. 2.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden again giving a spirited performance in Rostand's splendid play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

DYNAMO—A tedious exploration of the religious instinct by Eugene O'Neill. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—The miracle of how papers get the news. (Times Square, 42, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

GYPSY—Tragedy of a girl who hates her own promiscuity. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HEDDA GABLER—An adequate but uninspired revival of Ibsen's tragedy, with Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HOLIDAY—Much fine nonsense, and wisdom too. Philip Barry's latest comedy, with Hope Williams. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—The study of a woman who devotes her life to humanity. Ethel Barrymore gives a fine performance. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—The gay aspects of Floyd Dell's novel "An Unmarried Father." (Ambassador, [illegible], W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—A thesis play urging that infidelity isn't as important as it's cracked up to be. (Booth, 45, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady in an entertaining comedy about a badger game de luxe. (Cort, 48, E. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

PARIS—Cole Porter's very special tunes and Irene Bordoni singing them in a routine farce. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—A. A. Milne provides the best detective play in town (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mats. Washington's Birthday, Wed., and Fri.)

POPPA—An East Side Jewish family portrayed in an amusing farce. (Hudson, 44, E. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

RUTH DRAPER—A one-woman repertory company that should be seen as often as possible. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Monday. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—A revival of O'Neill's sea cycle: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve. except Mon. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Sat. only. 2:40 P.M.)

SERENA BLANDISH—Ruth Gordon as a soft-hearted young lady in search of a husband, and Constance Collier as a fantastic countess, in a very urbane comedy. (Morosco, 45, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—Eugene O'Neill's nine-act study of love and neuroses, played by a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and extremely important play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE WHISPERING GALLERY—Horror and hilarity in the now routine haunted house. (Forrest, 49, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—A young idealist masters the atom, and the reception of this accomplishment by the British Cabinet makes him threaten to blow the world to bits. (Alvin, 52, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday. 2:40 P.M.)

ZEPPELIN—Improbable but sometimes scarey mystery melodrama enacted on board a transatlantic airship. (National, 41, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

NOTE—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, is worth the trip to the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken. (Hoboken 8088.) Every Eve. at 8:30, and Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The Marx Brothers in a furiously funny show which would fail any sanity test. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—A colored revue and a good one, with some swell tap dancing by Bill Robinson. (Eltinge, 42, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

CHAUVE SOURIS—All the lesser virtues of Balieff's previous shows but no new high spots. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Fri., Mar. 1.)

FIORETTA—Sword-play and passion in Earl Carroll's Venice of the eighteenth century. With Fannie Brice and Leon Errol. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A riotously gay musical comedy about golf, with good tunes and dancing. (46th Street, 46, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

GOOD BOY—Lots of trick scenery to marvel at, but not much comedy. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HELLO DADDY!—If you can overlook the tedious plot, you may be amused by Lew Fields, some good tunes, and a charming cast. (Cohan, B'way at 43. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Professional pugilism set to music. Swift, funny, and handsome. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

LADY FINGERS—A good crook farce with a weak score. Based on Owen Davis' "Easy Come, Easy Go." (Vanderbilt, 48, E. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE NEW MOON—A musical show threatening to go operatic; the scene is colonial New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf and pleasant enough musical swashbuckling. (Shubert, 44, W. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan are in it, the score is Jerome Kern's best, and you'll probably go twice. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—England's brightest gift to America. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward are included. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mats. Washington's Birthday and Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers crowds this typical Fred and Dorothy Stone show into the front

(Continued on page 6)

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THE NEW YORKER
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(Continued from page 4)

row of current entertainments. (Globe, B'way at 46. Extra Mat. Washington's Birthday.)

WHOOPEE—Ziegfeld sumptuousness leavened by Eddie Cantor. A tremendous hit. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—James Barton is now appearing at the Palace, and will continue through Sat., Mar. 2. The Duncan Sisters, and Rudy Vallée's band open a week's engagement there, Sun., Feb. 24. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

KATERINA—A play from the Russian of Leonid Andreyev, with Alla Nazimova. Opens Mon., Feb. 25. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:30 P.M.)

MEET THE PRINCE—A new comedy by A. A. Milne, with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. Opens Mon., Feb. 25. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:50 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

LET US BE GAY—A comedy by Rachel Crothers, with Francine Larrimore. (Little, 44, W. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue, with Larry Siry's orchestra.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—A noisy meeting place in the Village; very good fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Beatrice Lillie, and Moss and Fontana, entertaining a smart after-theatre crowd.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Where everyone seems to know everyone else. Emil Coleman's orchestra, with Murphy and Johnson dancing.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Dancing to the former Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Irene Bordoni to sing for you, and Aaronson's Commanders to play for you.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Naif decorations, nice food, and Eddie Davis' jazz. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, introducing Maurice Chevalier, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

NEW VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Striking decorations and Vincent Lopez' orchestra. Must dress.

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Russian, dim and romantic, and yet chic; with a diminutive dance floor.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many more: The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has Clayton, Jackson, and Durante to recommend it; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White is amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has a good show; Texas Guinan's Club Intime, 203 W. 54, with the irrepressible Texas herself.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. a 142, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, particularly Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

THE BARKER—Milton Sills in a fairly entertaining movie version of the circus play. (Strand, B'way at 47; Fri., Feb. 22; performances continuous from noon.)

THE FLYING FLEET—Good picture of life in our naval-aviation circles, with Ramon Novarro as the young hero. (Capitol, B'way at 51; Fri., Feb. 22; performances continuous from noon.)

THE RESCUE—Ronald Colman in an excellent movie of Conrad's novel of the Malay Archipelago. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Mar. 2; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Love in the wilderness, with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, and worth attention. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson songs well done on the Vitaphone. Rather thin as a story. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

TWO DAYS—A vivid and well-acted picture of the Russian Revolution. (Film Guild Cinema, 52 W. 8; Fri., Feb. 22, last day; performances continuous from noon.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 2]

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the well-known play of the safe-cracker made into an amusing picture, with William Haines and Lionel Barrymore; "The Doctor's Secret," from J. M. Barrie's "Half an Hour," with excellent acting by Ruth Chatterton; "My Man," Fannie Brice Vitaphoning some of her best songs; "The Shopworn Angel," an interesting story, dealing with a naif soldier and a distinctly sophisticated young lady; "Sins of the Fathers," Emil Jannings as a waiter who becomes a big bootlegger.

ART

AMERICAN—Schnakenberg, Rosen, More, and Varian: Whitney, 10 West 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

BILLINGS—First one-man show by a newcomer: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

CALDER—Excellent wood sculpture; also, woodcuts and drawings by Howard Cook: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

CONTEMPORARY—The Architect and the Industrial Arts—an exhibition of contemporary American design: Metropolitan Museum, Gallery D6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

CUBISM—Examples of prewar work, Derain, Miro, etc.: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 23.

MASTERS—Benefit showing of fifteenth and twentieth-century paintings of women and children by Memling, Cranach, Rembrandt, Hals, Manet, Matisse, etc.: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., starting Sat., Feb. 23.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Annual exhibit of an unusual painter: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

SOVIET—Hundreds of paintings, and handicraft, from the new republic: 12th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. noon to 10 P.M.; through Thurs., Feb. 28.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

YELLY D'ARANYI—One of the most expert of women fiddlers. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 23.

TOSCHA SEIDEL—Return of the celebrated Auer pupil. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 24.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—A fine baritone—as you ought to know by now. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 24.

YEHUDI MENUHIN—A child wonder who also is a first-rate violinist. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24.

COPLAND-SESSIONS—New music by contemporaries. Little Theatre, 44, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24.

FLONZALEY QUARTET—The old masters in another of their farewell series. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 26.

MISCHA LEVITZKI—One of the best pianists come back. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 26.

PRO-MUSICA SOCIETY—Modern music. Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 27.

ELSHUCO TRIO—The famous violin-'cello-piano trinity carries on. Engineering Auditorium, Wed. Eve., Feb. 27.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:45; Mon. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2:30; Fri. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 2, at 11 (Children's Concert).

HARVARD INSTRUMENTAL CLUBS—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 23.

AMERICAN SYMPHONIC ENSEMBLE—Nobody conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 28.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Aïda," Fri. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2; "Romeo et Juliette," Fri. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8; "Der Freischütz," Sat. Aft., Feb. 23, at 2; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:15; "The Barber of Seville," in concert form, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:30; "La Bohème," benefit performance, Tues. Eve., Feb. 26; "Walküre," the third opera in the Wagner Matinée Cycle, Thurs. Aft., Feb. 28, at 1:45. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"Djamileh," by Bizet, and "Phoebus and Pan," by Bach: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 22 and 23, at 8:15; Sat. Aft., Feb. 23, at 2:15. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

OPERA—"Il Trovatore," Fri., Feb. 22, at 10 P.M., over WOR. . . . "The Pearl Fishers," Mon., Feb. 25, at 11 P.M., over WEAF. . . . "The Marriage of Figaro," Wed., Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M., over WOR. . . . "Oberon," Thurs., Feb. 28, at 8 P.M., over WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Feb. 24, at 3:15 P.M., from Brooklyn, over WOR.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT—Baritone; and Harold Nason, pianist: Sun., Feb. 24, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA—Baritone: Mon., Feb. 25, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Feb. 26, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.): K. O. Christner vs. Paulino, Fri. Eve., Feb. 22. . . . Jimmy McLarnin vs. Joe Glick, Fri. Eve., Mar. 1.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Ottawa, Tues. Eve., Feb. 26. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Canadiens, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 28.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: N. Y. A. C. vs. Squadron A (Class A), The Riding Club vs. Squadron A (Class B), and Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A (Class C), Sat. Eve., Feb. 23. . . . Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Squadron A (Class A), and 101st Cavalry vs. Squadron A (Class B), Sat. Eve., Mar. 2.

INDOOR TRACK—A. A. U. National Track and Field Meet, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Feb. 23, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Intercollegiate A. A. A. Meet, 102nd Engineers' Armory, Ft. Washington Ave. and 168, Sat., Mar. 2, at 8 P.M. (Take B'way subway to 168 St. Sta.)

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—At Madison Square Garden: Preliminary sprints, Sat., Mar. 2, at 9 P.M.; the six-day race starts Sun., Mar. 3.

NOTE—The national singles Racquets championship matches will be held at the Racquet and Tennis Club, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Feb. 22, 23, and 24.

OTHER EVENTS

MUSICALES—Richard Crooks, tenor; Santa Biondo, soprano; and Antoni Sola, 'cellist, will take part in the Biltmore Musicale, Ballroom, Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Feb. 22, at 11. . . . Nanette Guilford, soprano; Dorothy Flexer, contralto; Rafaelo Diaz, tenor; and William Gustafson, bass, will sing at the next Roosevelt Recital, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Mar. 1, at 11:30.

DANCE RECITALS—Alexandre Gavrilov's Ballet Modern: Booth Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24, at 9. . . . Harry Losee, in original dance interpretations: Martin Beck Theatre, 45, W. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:45.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Kit Kat Ball, Palm Garden, 306 W. 52, Fri. Eve., Mar. 1. . . . New Masses Spring Carnival, Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Fri. Eve., Mar. 1.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—Art objects, rugs, and antique furniture, from the estate of Edward P. Mitchell, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 22 and 23, at 2. . . . English first editions, Tues. Aft. and Eve., Feb. 26, at 2 and 8:15 P.M.

Ma Foi! (*My Faith!*)
A Dinner Service for This Year of Grace
1929

. . . Being the story of one of these new seven-pattern china services, introduced by Ovington's and which are taking the younger hostesses of the town by storm!

And quel dinner service! What Monsieur Joyeux Noel (Mr. Noel Coward) would call the dernier cri (last cry). Jamais banal (never banal). It is here and now in New York le dernier mot (last word) and it's to be had at Ovington's.

It is totally new in conception! It may start out with Lenox and go Royal Doulton at the soup. In the short space of an hour and a half, it may skip from Cauldon to Wedgwood, from Copeland to Minton and back to Black Knight. And that's not all—for it's yours, as privately designed and individual as your finger print.

You pick it out yourself. From the galaxy of lovely china and famous patterns at Ovington's, you choose a harmonious sequence of colors. You find the shapes that suit your fancy, the type that fits your needs. And behold—a dinner service as lovely as it is modern.

It takes, of course, a great deal of art and a china collection as famous as Ovington's. For only at a shop that offers the works of such world famous potters as Ahrenfeldt, Cauldon and Copeland, Black Knight, Minton and Lenox, Rosenthal and Royal Doulton as well as Wedgwood and Royal Worcester, can you hope to find the wide divergencies of color and design, the subtle modulations of shape and shade that this newest of dinner services demands. The selection is an art in itself.

But with a little taste and some help from our china staff, you can design a dinner service that will be refreshingly new, and a source of envy to your most discriminating guests.

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An appointment with our decorators implies no obligation on your part . . . . and plans, sketches and estimates will be prepared and submitted under this same agreement.

ON the eighth floor of this great shop we have installed a magnificent suite of model offices . . . . offices that would complement the prestige of a "General Motors" or the importance of a "United States Steel".

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These rooms are yours to use as a laboratory to test your own decorative ideas. In them and with the aid of our decorators you can work out every problem of arrangement and space . . . . you can plan your office and know just what it will look like before you confirm the order of even a single desk.

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A young married woman's QUESTION

"MY HUSBAND wants to trustee his life insurance policies amounting to $40,000. This would give me only about $2,000 a year income. Don't you think it would be much better for him to trustee half of it, and leave me the other half to handle personally?"

Our answers to this woman's question and to the various questions regarding Life Insurance Trusts, listed in the column at the right, are contained in our booklet, *Insurance Estates—Creation and Management.* Send for a copy today.

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A Young Married Man's QUESTION

Outside of $20,000 life insurance, I have no property of any kind. My insurance takes about all the money I can spare. Granted that I should have more, it's a fact I'm dealing with, not a theory. Wouldn't you advise me to carry only $10,000 insurance, and use the $200, thus saved annually, in building at least a small cash estate?

A Salaried Home Owner's QUESTION

I have been thinking of getting more life insurance. How much should I carry on a salary of $5,250 a year? I have a wife, and two children under ten. I have $24,000 life insurance, and nearly $5,000 in good securities.

A Retired Business Man's QUESTION

I am a widower. I have three grown daughters. My net income (mostly rents) is about $21,000 a year. Last year my income taxes amounted to $1,300. I give each of my daughters $300 a month, so that my personal income after payment of income taxes is about $9,000 a year. I have been told that I can save some money by trusteeing my estate. Is this true?

A Young Business Man's QUESTION

Isn't there some way of combining life insurance and other savings in a single estate building plan? I have $20,000 ordinary life insurance, on which the annual premium is $381.60. In addition to carrying this life insurance, I can save at least $70 a month.

A Physician's QUESTION

I carry $70,000 insurance, mostly twenty payment. About $50,000 will be paid to my wife on interest option. At her death, the principal will be divided when our youngest child is 30 years old.

My income averages $15,000. I have an equity of $30,000 in an apartment which nets about nine per cent. Our home is worth $28,500, with a first mortgage of $10,500. I have a cottage worth $6,500.

Would you change the insurance to straight life? Would an Insurance Trust improve this situation? If I were to trustee my estate, would I lose control over it?

A Corporation Lawyer's QUESTION

We are engaged in working out for one of our clients (a close corporation) an arrangement for keeping ownership within the present shareholding personnel.

The respective share values of the senior stockholders are forty, twenty-five and twenty per cent; three junior stockholders own the remainder.

What plan would you suggest to preserve to the survivors the interest of a deceased stockholder, with adequate compensation to his estate or heirs?

The Equitable Trust Co. of N. Y.
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A famous authority has said of these cultured oriental pearls, "*As they are of exactly the same substance and colour as the natural or 'uncultured' pearl, there is no real reason why they should not have the same value — each sort has the same lustre and sheen, a quality which cannot be imitated by any form of 'paste' or 'artificial' pearls!*"

Saks-Fifth Avenue takes pleasure in inviting you to inspect this superb collection of cultured oriental pearls.

Necklaces: 300.00 to 2500.00

JEWELRY—SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE—STREET FLOOR

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR nose for romance is unerring, and until we learn two things about Anne Morrow and Charlie Lindbergh, we won't consider the matter closed. First, Anne certain-

ly has in her possession a poem written by Charlie—because every young man does that at least once in the course of getting engaged. This one probably starts: "Come fly with me, Anne. . ." It should be published. Second, who else besides Charlie is in love with Anne Morrow? There must be another young man in the background: there always is. It seems to us that that young man occupies an unparalleled position; with him the game is up. Let him utter so much as one word of regard, one syllable of affection, and the whole civilized world would be on him, tooth and claw: "You leave Lindbergh's girl alone!" But who is he?

ONE thing we've discovered is that the new hand phones are no good when they're fitted with the dial attachment. They're so light, so unanchored, that with the first little twitch of the dial the in-

strument backs away from you in a frightened manner. Your left hand is busy holding the receiver. Your right hand is busy trying to do the dialing. That leaves you only your teeth to hang on with. The few attempts we've made to dial a number on a hand phone have ended with the whole ingenious device on the floor at our feet, a twisted mass of tangled wires and broken hopes.

TO a person of our simple tastes, the climate of this lively seaport is a perpetual amusement. Even without tornadoes, earthquakes, or tidal waves, the steadfast rock on which we trot about doing our daily chore surprises us with new and cunning variations of its weather theme. On a warm morning last week, we emerged from our den into a vernal street. A curtain blowing from a half-open window, a cloud lightly progressing into the east, a certain diligent attention paid

by a pigeon to a cranny in a wall, a certain renascent aspect of pavement and tower—all these intimations convinced us that spring had arrived and that in another minute we should probably be treading among tulips and thrushes. What actually took place, in about an hour, was a snow flurry and a blast of wind that almost sheared an ear from our head.

SOMETIMES we wonder if our government is not just an expensive hobby of a people accustomed to spend money. It is appalling how much time and substance a citizen gives to his own governing. The income-tax report, longer and harder than an anagram; the quarterly payments which must be remembered; the melancholy hours with lawyers, expert accountants, and other technicians; the long trips to the internal-revenue corridors of the Fisk Building, bringing "all your books;" the serving on juries; the getting off serving on juries; the licensing of dogs; the licensing of automobiles; tedious afternoons with blank forms of one kind or another, which always demand detailed information about forgotten relatives. Still, perhaps the government technicians are doing necessary work: we spent a noon hour in the Sub-Treasury not long ago, applying for a passport, and one of the inspectors certainly helped us over a bad place. We had filled out the two-page document, the last words we wrote being the words "New York City"—words which we thought expressed our place of residence. It seemed like an easy and a complete answer, yet it almost caused our flunking the test. When the inspector reached that line, he frowned, took out a pen, added a comma after the word "City," and wrote "N.Y." We got the passport.

SUNDAY nights won't be the same when the Plaza Theatre is gone—and gone is what it soon will be. That was one place where a person could take his movies straight, and in the peaceful life of Park Avenue it was the country store. To its understanding darkness, débutantes retreated in the afternoon, there to meet the boy friend,

smoke, and kid the picture. It was the movie house where one could shout directions to the actors and be in perfect taste. In the evening, a good

part of the audience was dressed. On the Sabbath it was particularly popular among orchidaceous patrons—everybody knew where everybody else sat, just as at the opera. There was much strolling about; persons just back from Palm Beach were there to renew contacts. We're rather sorry to see this haven snatched from the plain folk of Park Avenue—their lives have so little sunshine.

Anne and Charles

MISS MORROW—to revert to the Lindbergh romance—was asked by a classmate at Smith College last spring, soon after the Colonel had taken her up for her first flight, if she liked flying. She said she loved it. "You'll go up often now that you've tried it," her friend suggested. Miss Morrow was doubtful. "I'm afraid not," she said, regretfully. "You see my family won't let me fly with anyone but Colonel Lindbergh."

We have heard some further things about Miss Morrow's young man. When he is in town he frequently visits an apartment house between Fifth and Madison in the middle Sixties. He calls on the owner of the penthouse there, who is financially interested in aviation. In riding up in the elevator, people who recognized Lindbergh used to accost him. Usually they wanted him to get off at the ninth or tenth floor and meet their mother or uncle. This annoyance has resulted in a special rule at the building. Whenever Lindbergh comes in he is ushered to an elevator which takes him straight to the roof, no other passengers being carried.

OWING partly to our interest in commercial aviation, we will relate another story told us by a fellow flier. One evening, Lindbergh was attending a party in town. Things dragged a bit until a parlor genius stepped forward and suggested a game, which consisted in tying the ladies and gentlemen together in pairs—pleasantly, and with stout rope. The ringleader of this fanciful tourney announced that the object of the game was to see which couple could get free

"Why, Baron! You embarrass a lady of my type."

first; but most of the gentlemen failed to take him at his word. Finding themselves lashed to beauty, they lost interest in freedom. Not so Lindbergh. Tied to a handsome dame, he became all competitive spirit, all earnest endeavor, all practical resolve, and while the others repaired to corners and plucked in a desultory and suspiciously ineffectual way at the knots, Lindbergh, with the craftiness of a Boy Scout and the strength of a lion, triumphantly burst his bonds in less than sixty seconds, and won—leaving the field trailing happily far behind.

His lady, so our informant says, was a little sulky the remainder of the evening. Commercial aviation forged steadily ahead.

No Testimonial

ONE of the boldest (we presume) of the fellows who seek out people to endorse things for advertising purposes bearded Mr. William Howard Taft in his anteroom, while he was still in his robes of duty. He simply wanted the jurist to sign a statement endorsing a certain make of automobile. Mr. Taft considered a moment and then said gently, as if reasoning with a granddaughter, "Imagine how funny it would be for the Chief Justice of the United States to hand down an opinion on an automobile."

This made the man thoughtful for a while, and he said, "Yes, sir," and withdrew.

Tournament

THE international billiards match which ended last week drew quite large galleries, capacity on several occasions, and the quality of the crowd was good, many gentlemen in the gallery being dressed. All this pleased the National Billiards Association—in reality the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company—which has been doing everything possible to get the game on a genteel basis. They are trying to overcome the old "poolroom" atmosphere. There is a general air of formality and ritual about a big match, as at a fox hunt or tennis tournament. Smoking by players or spectators is strictly prohibited, to discourage a bleachers attitude. Just before a match begins, a solemn attendant steps up and reverently removes a blanket from the playing surface, like a *sommelier* handling a bottle of old Burgundy. The cover is used to keep the cloth at a certain temperature so that the roll of the balls will be perfect. The players, in dinner jackets, are stiffly introduced by an announcer in a dinner jacket.

Matsuyama, the little Japanese, who is one of the most interesting players, does not live in Japan, as might a tennis star. He has been a resident of the Astoria section of Long Island for eight years, making billiards a profession. In his homeland he was known as a boy wonder at straight rail, a different type of billiards. He learned the 18.2 game in Paris, where his father was employed as chef in a restaurant. He intends to stay here until he becomes national champion and loses the title. Then he plans to go back to Japan and open a billiard parlor, taking with him his wife, who is learning the beauty business in New York with the intention of opening a shop in Nippon upon her return. Matsuyama weighed ninety-nine pounds when the tournament started and ninety-five when it ended. Being short, he designed a pair of high-heeled shoes to increase his height at the table but they tired his feet and he abandoned them. He frequently gets telegrams of congratulation from Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese screen star, when he wins important matches.

Cochran, runner-up in the tournament, is a well-dressed, suave, alert man who has an office in Wall Street and makes five or six times as much out of it as he does out of billiards. He plays golf well too. His net winnings as runner-up in the tournament were about five thousand dollars. Schaefer, who won the championship, netted about eight thousand.

Tournament play, billiard people say, is a great mental test. The strain is most severe early in a run. After the first fifty points the intense concentration creates a kind of mesmeric condition resembling a trance and the shots are made largely by instinct.

Art Note

A WELL-KNOWN banker of the town has a large art collection. About half of the paintings are worthy—recent acquisitions. The other half are bad examples of the early Barbizon school and are discreetly referred to by the banker's friends as B. C. The initials stand for Before Chrysler. It was the financier's killing in that stock which enabled him to buy the good pictures.

Little Menuhin

YEHUDI, now twelve, lives with father, Moshe, in the Colonial Hotel, Columbus Avenue and Eighty-first Street. In the room is his Stradivarius. Downstairs is his teacher, Louis Persinger. Every morning early Yehudi gets up and plays the fiddle for an hour, alone. At quarter past nine he goes down and studies with Persinger until noon, his tiny soft white hands performing their ministrations. Between teacher and pupil there is a great affection, and when, in the afternoon, they walk in the Park, the boy begs to run a foot race. He has no playmates, this prodigy, and he stands in awe of his parents.

Yehudi has a good stomach and a good mind. The former runs to strawberry ice cream, scallops, oysters, and sweets; the latter embraces the French classics. From his parents, who are Jews of pure extraction and serious intentions, he inherits good taste. Further, the boy is self-critical to an amusing degree, and hates abominable old ladies who gush foolishly about his prodigious playing. Once, when a critic wrote a ridiculously fulsome account of him, Yehudi read it, smiled a wry smile, and remarked: "I have no good spiccato, I have no staccato, I play my double-stops out of tune, my vibrato is bad, and my trills terrible."

If he's hard on himself, he's even sterner with others. He lunched with Ysaye one time in Brussels, because there was some thought of studying under him. After lunch, Ysaye played. Yehudi immediately took a strong dislike to the prospective maestro and would have none of him. Another time, someone gently reproved Yehudi for the violence of his bowing, and mentioned the name El-

man (who is a furious bower). "Elman," replied Yehudi, "ought to take his G-string out on tour."

Essentially his life is that of the prodigy he is. He can't play ball or use his hands in the manner of the normal small boy. Even last year he hadn't the strength in his fingers to tune his violin. He likes chess. He likes Kreisler and Heifetz—reverences them. He has a childish passion for Elisabeth Rethberg, the singer. He goes often to concerts, occasionally to Charlie Chaplin, never anywhere without his father, and always early to bed. The Beethoven concerto, which he plays so amazingly well, he at first learned with the Joachim cadenza: last year he learned the Kreisler cadenza merely by listening to a Kreisler Victrola record.

THE Menuhins, father and mother, were both students at N.Y.U. when Yehudi was born. They were poor, but they continued at the university. While the baby was still in swaddling clothes, they migrated to San Francisco. The father got a job in a lumber yard, at day labor, till he became identified as an educated man; then he became superintendent of a Hebrew school. Yehudi now makes a lot of money for them (he grossed fourteen thousand dollars with his San Francisco recital last year), but his parents are quite untouched by the possibilities of vast fortunes: they allow him to play only the best engagements, never exploiting him. He records for Victor, but scorns the radio. Mrs. Menuhin and Yehudi's two younger sisters are in San Francisco still, but are coming east. One of the little girls is a good pianist.

Flop

IT may be interesting that the Bigelow-Hartford Carpet Company recently unearthed a pattern made for the company in 1876 in honor of the Centennial Exposition. It consisted of George Washington's head woven with realistic detail against a turkey-red background and flanked by the words "E Pluribus Unum." The carpet was a complete drug on the market. None of them sold. No one wanted to walk on the Father of his Country.

Landscape with Figures

ELMER RICE, who wrote "Street Scene," started out to be a lawyer. He passed the state bar examination when he was twenty, but after five years in a law office downtown abandoned the profession because he had an idea for a play. His parents protested, but he went ahead, and wrote "On Trial." Out of it he made a small fortune. He sold the movie rights a dozen years ago, and at the time a farsighted lawyer urged him to reserve the talkie rights. He did this, with some amusement, and hence was able to sell the sound-picture rights a few months ago at a fancy price.

Most of the first-rate producers in town rejected "Street Scene," which has become one of the two or three biggest hits of the season. Discouraged, Rice gave the script to an agent who sold it to William Brady, whom the playwright had not considered a possibility for this kind of drama. As to the production, there were many difficulties. The set, which is solidly constructed (the interior of the rooms, although only glimpsed by the audience, are complete even to threadbare carpets on the floors, and the sidewalk in front is real concrete) had to be built far forward on the stage because of the location of the trap door through which the janitor's stairway had to be built. This left a very narrow playing space, only about six feet.

Rice had definite ideas about how

"I'm working on a novel now, but I have to have one or two more experiences before I can finish it."

the show was to be done and who was to play in it. He personally cast the piece. He also, as it turned out, personally directed it. This was because at the last minute the director engaged walked out to get a cup of coffee and didn't come back—just wired his excuses. The opening went smoothly, but the next morning practically the entire directorate of the Borden Milk Company descended on the management. It is a collector for a milk company, it will be remembered, who brings about murder by his intrigue with a married lady. Originally it was a Borden collector, and the company had proudly lent one of its uniforms for the part. When, at the première, an official of the company saw what manner of man the collector turned out to be, he was nonplussed. The uniform was withdrawn, and the demand made that the name of Borden be not used.

"Psst—shoelace!"

• •

THE offstage noises in "Street Scene"—elevated, taxi-horns, etc. — emanate from phonographs which play records made from an open window in a West Side tenement house. The stage set is a copy of 25 West Sixty-fifth Street and was selected by the author after several weeks' search. As he was inspecting the doorway a janitress belligerently demanded his business, but melted when he told her he was thinking of building a house just like that one. She showed him all about. "It's very beautiful," she said.

Rice wanted to call his play "Landscape with Figures," but was dissuaded. His fancy turned that way because he took up water colors as a pastime about a year ago, following a serious illness.

When on a play he works intensively, sometimes ten hours at a stretch, writing in longhand and copying on the typewriter. He wrote "The Adding Machine" in about two weeks. "Street Scene" required three months. He has periods of idleness after doing a play and often goes to Paris to sit on the terrace of the Deux Magots café. His two children, both boys, were educated abroad, and their French fools even the natives. He has been co-author of a number of plays; one of them, "Cock Robin," he wrote with Phil Barry. The collaboration on that piece was entirely by mail. The authors did not see each other until it was completed, exchanging drafts of the acts until both were suited.

Double's Trouble

THE rise of Grover Whalen has meant just so much hard luck to another gentleman. This is a fellow who bears a close resemblance to our now police commissioner, and often in the old days, when the one was wont to brave the sleet and winds of the lower harbor on the good ship Macon, the other would wine and dine in some gilded haunt uptown, an enormously interested but grievously mistaken maître d'hôtel standing obsequiously by. Now all, all is changed. The other day, for instance, he took a party of friends to one of the old places. The eye which appeared at the peephole was hastily withdrawn; a cry was heard, and the sound of hurrying feet. When he finally was admitted it was to a Sahara dryness. He had had wine here before. Here? Ah, he must be mistaken. They had never, never sold anything like that.

The Bells

THE carillon of fifty-three bells in the tower of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, which was not much fun to install, was even less to dismantle. True, forty-five bells are still hanging there, but eight of the largest ones have been removed. The three largest ones, each weighing about ten tons, have been shipped to England for repairs of some sort. One side of the church tower had to be taken out to put them in, and the operation was repeated to get them down. It seems that there is no place in this country to send carillon units for repairs — at least bells specially made, as these were, abroad. In this connection, someone recalled to us that the Liberty Bell, the first time it was cracked, was shipped abroad to be recast.

The other five bells which were taken down now repose in the new Rockefeller church in Riverside Drive where, when it is completed and the Park Avenue building given up, the rest of the carillon will be installed, along with Dr. Fosdick and the congregation. The depleted carillon still plays, but not with the volume of sound which some of the neighbors so strenuously objected to. The church has rather indignantly denied that these protests led to the removal of the larger units. It was simply the first step in the transfer of the carillon northward.

•

ALTMAN'S has always seemed to us a fairly genteel and well-behaved store. The rugs are always in place, there is very little yelling or screaming through the halls, there are no liquor rings on the furniture, the general tone is dignified. Perhaps that is why we were so astonished the other day, in the men's department, when one of the salesgirls set up a hue and cry for the aisle manager. She went about crying, in a sweetly clarion voice: "Mr. Woopey, please—Mr. Woopey!" —THE NEW YORKERS

"Mama—does God live here?"

YOU WERE PERFECTLY FINE

THE pale young man eased himself carefully into the low chair, and rolled his head to the side, so that the cool chintz comforted his cheek and temple.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear. Oh."

The clear-eyed girl, sitting light and erect on the couch, smiled brightly at him.

"Not feeling so well to-day?" she said.

"Oh, I'm great," he said. "Corking, I am. Know what time I got up? Four o'clock this afternoon, sharp. I kept trying to make it, and every time I took my head off the pillow, it would roll under the bed. This isn't my head I've got on now. I think this is something that used to belong to Walt Whitman. Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

"Do you think maybe a drink would make you feel better?" she said.

"The hair of the mastiff that bit me?" he said. "Oh, no, thank you. Please never speak of anything like that again. I'm through. I'm all, all through. Look at that hand; steady as a humming-bird. Tell me, was I very terrible last night?"

"Oh, goodness," she said, "everybody was feeling pretty high. You were all right."

"Yeah," he said. "I must have been dandy. Is everybody sore at me?"

"Good heavens, no," she said. "Everyone thought you were terribly funny. Of course, Jim Pierson got a little stuffy, there for a minute at dinner. But people sort of held him back in his chair, and got him calmed down. I don't think anybody at the other tables noticed it at all. Hardly anybody."

"He was going to sock me?" he said. "Oh, Lord. What did I do to him?"

"Why, you didn't do a thing," she said. "You were perfectly fine. But you know how silly Jim gets, when he thinks anybody is making too much fuss over Elinor."

"Was I making a pass at Elinor?" he said. "Did I do that?"

"Of course you didn't," she said. "You were only fooling, that's all. She thought you were awfully amusing. She was having a marvelous time. She only got a little tiny bit annoyed just once, when you poured the clam-juice down her back."

"My God," he said. "Clam-juice down that back. And every vertebra a little Cabot. Dear God. What'll I ever do?"

"Oh, she'll be all right," she said. "Just send her some flowers, or something. Don't worry about it. It isn't anything."

"No, I won't worry," he said. "I haven't got a care in the world. I'm sitting pretty. Oh, dear, oh, dear. Did I do any other amusing tricks at dinner?"

"You were fine," she said. "Don't be so foolish about it. Everybody was crazy about you. The maître d'hôtel was a little worried because you wouldn't stop singing, but he really didn't mind. All he said was, he was afraid they'd close the place again, if there was so much noise. But he didn't care a bit, himself. I think he loved seeing you have such a good time. Oh, you were just singing away, there, for about an hour. It wasn't so terribly loud, at all."

"So I sang," he said. "That must have been a treat. I sang."

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You just sang one song after another. Everybody in the place was listening. They loved it. Only you kept insisting that you wanted to sing some song about some kind of fusiliers or other, and everybody kept shushing you, and you'd keep trying to start it again. You were wonderful. We were all trying to make you stop singing for a minute, and eat something, but you wouldn't hear of it. My, you were funny."

"Didn't I eat any dinner?" he said.

"Oh, not a thing," she said. "Every time the waiter would offer you something, you'd give it right back to him, because you said that he was your long-lost brother, changed in the cradle by a gypsy band, and that anything you had was his. You had him simply roaring at you."

"I bet I did," he said. "I bet I was comical. Society's Pet, I must have been. And what happened then, after my overwhelming success with the waiter?"

"Why, nothing much," she said. "You took a sort of dislike to some old man with white hair, sitting across the room, because you didn't like his necktie and you wanted to tell him about it. But we got you out, before he got really mad."

"Oh, we got out," he said. "Did I walk?"

"Walk! Of course you did," she said. "You were absolutely all right. There was that nasty stretch of ice on the sidewalk, and you did sit down awfully hard, you poor dear. But good heavens, that might have happened to anybody."

"Oh surely," he said. "Mrs. Coolidge or anybody. So I fell down on the sidewalk. That would explain what's the matter with my—Yes. I see. And then what, if you don't mind?"

"Ah, now, Peter!" she said. "You can't sit there and say you don't remember what happened after that! I did think that maybe you were just a little tight at dinner—oh, you were perfectly all right, and all that, but I did know you were feeling pretty gay. But you were so serious, from the time you fell down—I never knew you to be that way. Don't you know, how you told me I had never seen your real self before? Oh, Peter, I just couldn't bear it, if you didn't remember that lovely long ride we took together in the taxi! Please, you do remember that, don't you? I think it would simply kill me, if you didn't."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Riding in the taxi. Oh, yes, sure. Pretty long ride, hmm?"

"Round and round and round the Park," she said. "Oh, and the trees were shining so in the moonlight. And you said you never knew before that you really had a soul."

"Yes," he said. "I said that. That was me."

"You said such lovely, lovely things," she said. "And I'd never known, all this time, how you had been feeling about me, and I'd never dared to let you see how I felt about you. And then last night—oh, Peter dear, I think that taxi ride was the most important thing that ever happened to us in our lives."

"Yes," he said. "I guess it must have been."

"And we're going to be so happy,"

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

she said. "Oh, I just want to tell everybody! But I don't know—I think maybe it would be sweeter to keep it all to ourselves."

"I think it would be," he said.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said.

"Yes," he said. "Swell."

"Lovely!" she said.

"Look here," he said, "do you mind if I have a drink? I mean, just medicinally, you know. I'm off the stuff for life, so help me. But I think I feel a collapse coming on."

"Oh, I think it would do you good," she said. "You poor boy, it's a shame you feel so awful. I'll go make you a highball."

"Honestly," he said, "I don't see how you could ever want to speak to me again, after I made such a fool of myself, last night. I think I'd better go join a monastery in Thibet."

"You crazy idiot!" she said. "As if I could ever let you go away now! Stop talking like that. You were perfectly fine."

She jumped up from the couch, kissed him quickly on the forehead, and ran out of the room.

THE pale young man looked after her, and shook his head long and slowly, then dropped it in his damp and trembling hands.

"Oh, dear," he said. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear."

—DOROTHY PARKER

THE ROMANCE OF THE PUBLISHING GAME

WHEN Adolph Ochs asked me the other day what I considered "the one element all-important in the make-up of a good magazine man," I replied instantly: "Good health." Mr. Ochs then asked me if I would mind jotting down the three main attributes of success in publishing; so I took a piece of paper and wrote: "1. Good health. 2. Good health. 3. Good health." After a moment's hesitation he saw my point and smiled at the clever way I had put it.

"Suppose," I went on, "you were up against a tough customer in your line of business—a man, we'll say, who did not want to buy a copy of the New York *Times*. You might have everything else—persuasiveness, ambition, enthusiasm, high ideals—but if you lacked good health you would not have the strength to make that man buy your paper!"

In my suite at One Fifth Avenue, Mr. Ochs and I were discussing the nature of consumer coöperation, apropos of THE NEW YORKER's fourth anniversary, and he was drawing me out.

"I think I can illustrate my point," I said, "by relating one of my early experiences as a young magazine man. I was calling on the general manager of a large concern in New Brunswick, whom I particularly wanted to secure as a subscriber to THE NEW YORKER because he seemed to be one of the few persons who could both afford to buy it and understand it after it came. Naturally my interview with him would mean a great deal. When I arrived in New Brunswick I was told he was in conference and could not see me until the next day. Well, I wasn't going to stay in New Brunswick all night . . ."

"Good boy!" said Mr. Ochs.

". . . and still I didn't dare leave town without seeing my man. So do you know what I did?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"You scribbled something on a piece of paper and sent it in to the man," said Mr. Ochs, "but I have forgotten what it was you scribbled because it is a long time since I have read 'The Handbook of Sales Management,' by S. Roland Hall."

"Well, I will tell you," I said, indulgently. "I scribbled the words 'Come out, come out, wherever you are!' on the paper. And do you know that that simple phrase, recalling as it did the pleasant memories of that man's childhood, served to bring him out of his conference, and I made my sale."

"What did that have to do with good health?" asked Mr. Ochs, grousing in his corner.

"Just this," I said. "Had I been in poor condition—sick, tired, stomach out of order, dizzy, eyes not focusing, no appetite, tongue coated—I would never have bothered to scribble a note and send it in. I would have just sat down at the top of the steps and waited till I felt well enough to get the hell out of New Brunswick."

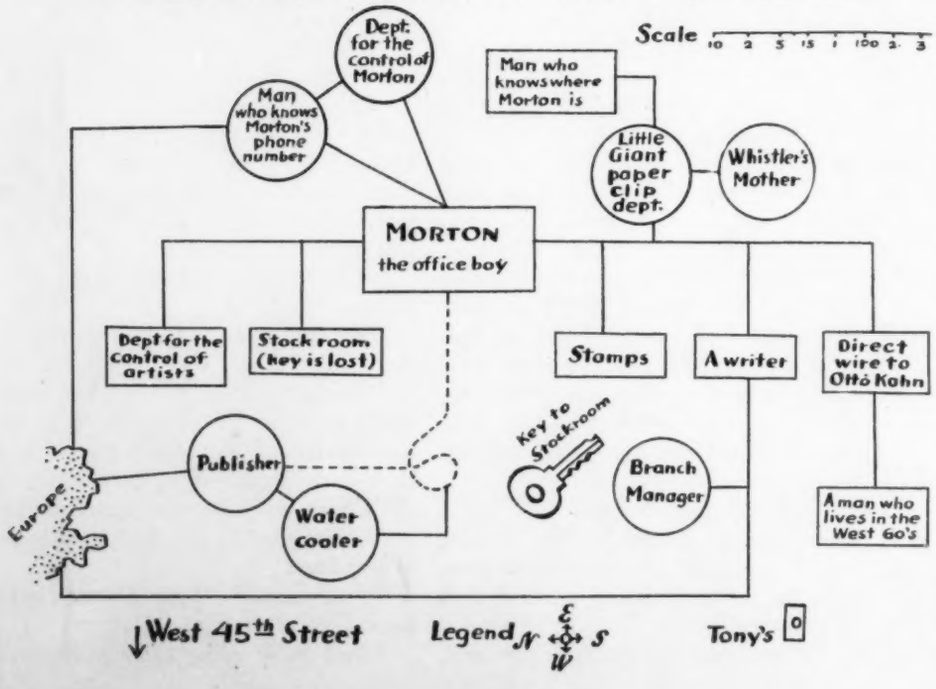
"That's true," said Mr. Ochs.

"Shall I cite you another example of the value of persistence?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I think I would rather go out and make a little whoopee. But I wish before I go you would sketch for me the organization plan of THE NEW YORKER office, showing the seating arrangement of the writers and also how the water coolers are distributed.

• •

ORGANIZATION CHART OF THE NEW YORKER


Scale 10 2 5 15 1 100 2 3
Dept. for the control of Morton
Man who knows Morton's phone number
Man who knows where Morton is
Little Giant paper clip dept.
Whistler's Mother
MORTON the office boy
Dept for the control of artists
Stock room (key is lost)
Stamps
A writer
Direct wire to Otto Kahn
Key to Stockroom
Publisher
Water cooler
Branch Manager
A man who lives in the West 60's
Europe
West 45th Street
Legend N E W S
Tony's

because that is where we are weakest over at the *Times*."

So I drew the chart which you see on this page. (I *hope* it's on this page!) —E. B. W.

•

THE THIN RAIN

The thin rain maketh a sweet sound
as it weaves the streets,
as it paceth over the ground.

The stumbling elephant of wind
lunges against the stacks of rain,
the thin stalks of the rain break.

The wind makes sudden trees to grow
over the meadows of bare stone,
these streets in armor against spring.

—CHARLES NORMAN

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

AFTER CONTINUING IN A BOOK ON THE SUBJECT

ONLY AND ONE—Where to use "only" in a sentence is a moot question, one of the mootest questions in all rhetoric. The purist will say that the expression: "He only died last week," is incorrect, and that it should be: "He died only last week." The purist's contention is that the first sentence, if carried out to a natural conclusion, would give us something like this: "He only died last week, he didn't do anything else, that's all he did." It isn't a natural conclusion, however, because nobody would say that and if anybody did it would be likely to lead to stomping of feet and clapping of hands, because it is one of those singy-songy expressions which set a certain type of person to acting rowdy and becoming unmanageable. It is better just to let the expression go, either one way or the other, because, after all, this particular sentence is of no importance except in cases where one is breaking the news to a mother. In such cases one should begin with: "Mrs. Gormley, your son has had an accident," or: "Mrs. Gormley, your son is not so good," and then lead up gently to: "He died only last week."

The best way is often to omit "only" and use some other expression. Thus, instead of saying: "He only died last week," one could say: "It was no longer ago than last Thursday that George L. Wodolgoffing became an angel." Moreover, this is more explicit and eliminates the possibility of a misunderstanding as to who died. The greatest care in this regard, by the way, should be taken with the verbs "to die," "to love," "to embezzle," and the like. In this connection, it is well never to use "only" at the beginning of a sentence—"Only one person loves me," for example. This of course makes it necessary to capitalize "Only" and there is the risk of a hurried reader taking it for a proper noun and confusing it with the late Richard Olney, who was Secretary of State under Cleveland.

THE indefinite "one" is another source of trouble and is frequently the cause of disagreeable scenes. Such a sentence as "One loves one's friends" is considered by some persons to be stilted and overformalized, and such persons insist that "One loves his friends" is permissible. It is not permissible, however, because "one" is indefinite and "his" is definite and the combination is rhetorically impossible. This is known as hendiadys and was a common thing in Latin. Rare examples of it still exist and are extremely valuable as antiques,

• •

"I see they're going to improve Battery Park."

but usually it is unsafe to sit or lie down on one.

The chief objection to a consistent, or "cross-country," use of "one" is that it tends to make a sentence sound like a trombone solo—such as: "One knows that one's friends will help one if one is in trouble, or at least one trusts that one's friends will help one." Even though this is correct, there is no excuse for it. The "one" enthusiast should actually take up the trombone and let it go at that. "One" is, as a matter of fact, too often misused for the personal pronoun. What, for example, could be sillier than to write a lady like this: "One loves you and one wonders if you love one." Such a person is going to get nowhere. "I love you and I wonder if you love me" is a simpler and better way to say it, except of course that there is always the danger here of drifting into "Ramona."

Some persons use neither the indefinite "one" nor the definite pronoun but substitute a pet name and say: "Mopsy loves Flopsy and Mopsy wonders if Flopsy loves Mopsy." This usage frequently becomes famous, especially if signed "Your Wopsy-Mopsy, Arthur S. Grinhinge"—an extremely dangerous use of proper nouns in apposition. The fault here, however, is not so much with the nouns or pronouns as with the verb. Nothing can be done about that.

—James Thurber

OF ALL THINGS

SOME day the New York *Times* must stage a debate between its correspondents, L. C. Speers and Russell Owen, to decide whether Hoover or Byrd is the greatest man who ever lived since the morning stars sang together. Thousands of us would gladly stay away from such a contest.

•

We read that England has objections to offer to the pact between Italy and the Vatican. For some reason Great Britain is not enthusiastic about the Freedom of the See.

•

Einstein disappeared from the public prints with amazing speed and completeness. By March he will be vaguely remembered as the man who ran the bankruptcy racket and was shot in a hotel.

•

Charles G. Hilles says that Coolidge will go down in history as one of our greatest presidents. We should be even more specific and say, one of our thirty greatest presidents.

•

Europe has been having the coldest weather on record. Almost any day now we can expect the ice barons to turn up at Washington demanding a higher tariff to protect us from the pauper ice of the Old World.

•

Mr. Edison's friends have always been distressed by his taste for ill-smelling cigars. Now we know where he got the idea that weeds contain rubber.

•

We predict that Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh will have a devoted husband, one who will think of her constantly and always remember to send home a postcard.

•

St. John Ervine says that women have ruined the theatre. Some of us toothless gaffers can recall when the theatre was ruining women.

•

A psychologist at the University of Chicago finds that the first-born is usually the dumbest of the family. Probably this is Nature's way of providing audiences for six-day bicycle races.

•

The Massachusetts House of Representatives refuses to revoke the 1635 decree of banishment of Roger Williams to Rhode Island. Possibly they feel that it would be tempting Providence.

•

Bill Tilden has been restored to amateur standing. This may be a good thing for tennis but it ruins our idea of booming him for the Pulitzer Prize in literature.

—Howard Brubaker

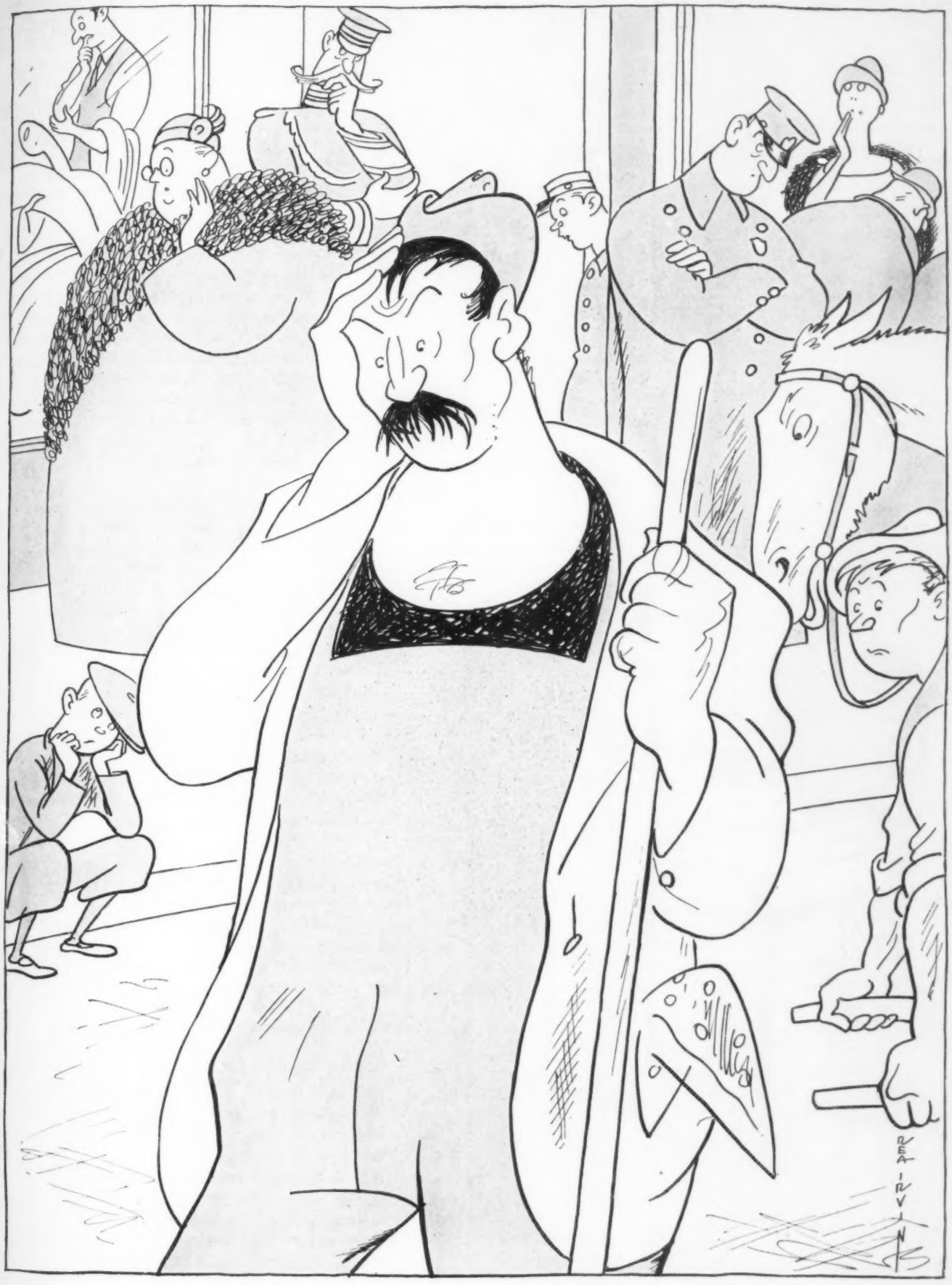
"Don't you think, Doctor, in view of my marked improvement I might resume my affection for my mother?"

ATTITUDE

It's a convenient thing
To say
You never loved him
Anyway;
Or if you did
A bit at first,
The silly bubble
Chose to burst
Into the sane
And soapy lotion
Which cleanses hands
Of all emotion.

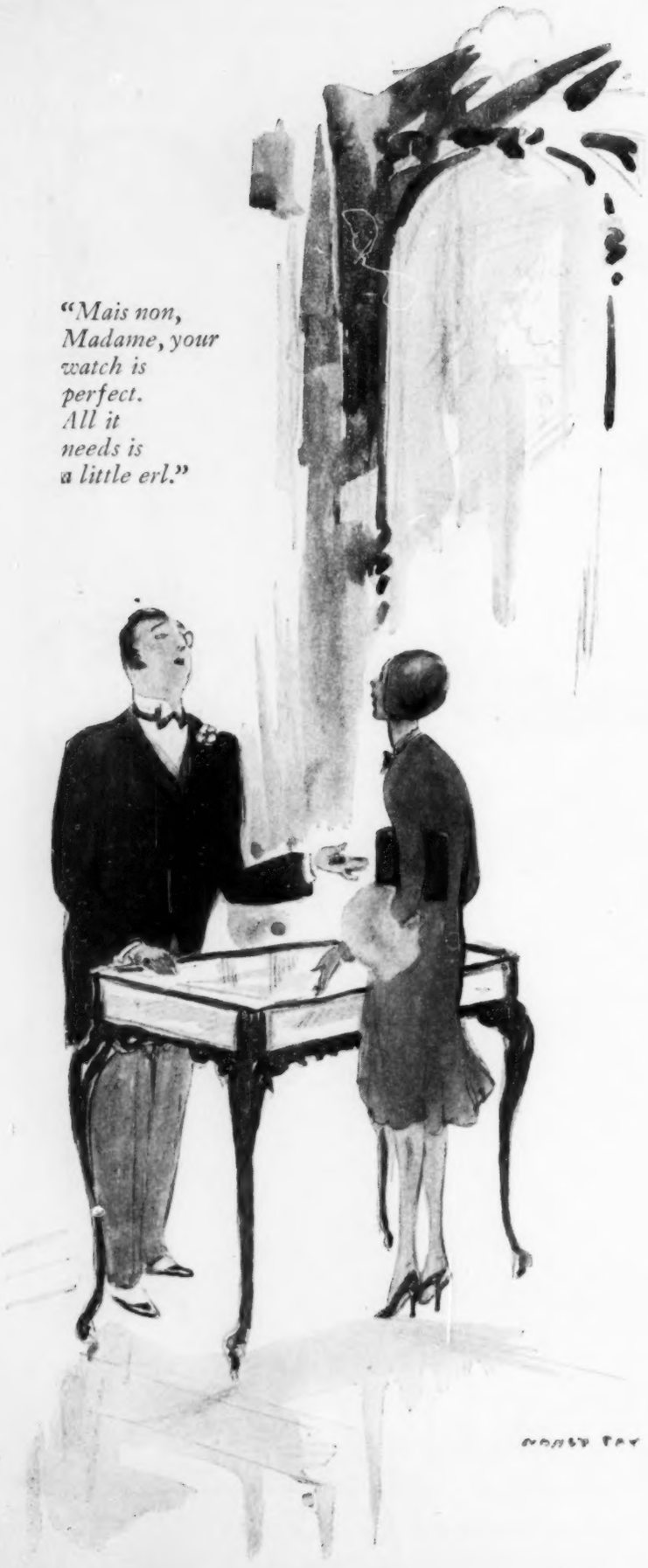
Convenient!
And not he nor you
Will ever know
If it be true.

—Ruth Lambert Jones



"People slowly accustomed themselves to the idea that the physical states of space itself were the final physical reality."

PROFESSOR ALBERT EINSTEIN



"Mais non, Madame, your watch is perfect. All it needs is a little erl."

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

I'D FORGIVE YOU IF YOU WERE IN EARNEST

I

AT a brilliant social gathering
In a Palm Beach mansion, grand,
A youth and maid were dancing.
Now at length he pressed her hand
And leaning down, he whispered
Into the fair one's ear:
"Let's seek the sunken garden,
You'll agree, it's stifling here."
No sooner in the garden
Than a mad embrace he tried.
The girl repulsed him bravely
Then, as if ashamed, he cried:
"Don't blame me, it was the tropics
That made me lose my head.
Forgive me—." Here she stopped him
And scornfully she said:

REFRAIN

"I'd forgive you if you were in earnest
But I can't quite believe in you when
Your conduct you blame on the tropics.
I've been told *that* again and again.
Oh, I'm tired of this place, and tomorrow
I leave for my home in the West.
I'd hoped you, somehow, were different, but now
I find that you're just like the rest."

II

On a train bound west next morning
Sat the maid—so sad and blue
For the man she loved—behind her
She was leaving—that she knew.
Now glancing up, when someone
Said: "Thank God, I've found you, dear,"
She saw the youth before her
And asked: "Why are you here?
Have the tropics overcome you?"
He replied: "That's cruel. No!
I'm here for just one reason,
I love and want you so."
The girl, relenting, murmured:
"Why, it's ending like a play.
Oh, you must have known I cared, dear,
When to you I did say:"

REFRAIN

"I'd forgive you if you were in earnest
But I can't quite believe in you when
Your conduct you blame on the tropics.
I've been told *that* again and again.
Oh, I'm tired of this place, and tomorrow
I leave for my home in the West.
I'd hoped you, somehow, were different, but now
I find that you're just like the rest."

—C. KNAPP

PROFILES

CONDUCTED BY THE SPIRITS

IN 1908 two Italians arrived at the port of New York in a first-class cabin paid for by the Metropolitan Opera House, an institution which contracts to pay the passage, both ways, of its European singers and maestri.

There was an even better reason than usual for the Metropolitan's generosity to these two Italians, whose names were Arturo Toscanini and Giulio Gatti-Casazza. For many years the Metropolitan had got on swimmingly. With its diamond horseshoe, its rococo, gingerbread interior, its Caruso, Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Scotti, and Farrar, the great opera house had become one of the unassailable institutions of that fragrant era. Then, however, something had happened which seemed to presage a speedy Metropolitandämmerung, as a Wagnerite might say. The impossible dream of one Oscar Hammerstein, cigar manufacturer and music-hall impresario, suddenly sprang to life, and in no time at all the Manhattan Opera House was built, equipped with scenery, tenors, sopranos, baritones, a chorus, several conductors, and an elegant subscription list.

The hitherto one and only opera house awoke one morning to find itself badgered by a puny little David with a musical sling who began pelting it with little box-office pebbles called Mary Garden, Maurice Renaud, Emma Calvé, Nellie Melba, Allessandro Bonci, Lina Cavalieri, and Titta Ruffo. The new impresario had also unearthed French opera. New Yorkers who had come to believe that bedroom farces represented France's sole contribution to art found to their amazement that one Frenchman had composed an agreeable evening of music to Anatole France's "Thaïs," while another had shrouded Maeterlinck's "Pelléas and Mélisande" in some of the strangest, eeriest sounds ever conceived by a musical imagination.

When the receipts of the Metropolitan began as a consequence to dwindle alarmingly, the apprehensive directors speedily promoted Mr. Hammerstein from a joke to a rival. Something had to be done and that quickly. There were rumors that extra trains were being run from the Milanese suburbs for all performances at the old Scala—that a team of Italians had put the ancient theatre on the musical map again. Perhaps they could reanimate the Metropolitan. Following the proper overtures, the Messrs. Toscanini and Gatti-Casazza professed themselves willing to try. The latter would run the show, the former would direct the music.

Arturo Toscanini

ONE October day then, Arturo Toscanini, a little man of forty or thereabouts, dressed in the latest Milanese cut, with a felt hat a couple of sizes too small for the curly head upon which it rested lightly, walked into the old Knickerbocker Hotel and was allotted rooms close to the apartments of his countrymen and friends, Enrico Caruso and Antonio Scotti. Arturo's face was like an alabaster cast glowing from the light of candles within. The eyes were piercing, the features handsome, the lips delicate and sensitive, the upper one surmounted by a little mustache with needle-like extremities pointing to the skies. The head might have belonged to a refined villain—to Desperate Desmond, in fact.

The hard-worked and cynical Metropolitan orchestra cherished a poor enough opinion about Italians as musicians. Mr. Toscanini was to begin his season with "Aïda" or "Tosca" or some other Italian standby, and the weary players were, as they say, "laying" for the new maestro. The men had heard, not without satisfaction, that the new conductor was nearsighted. It did not occur to them that a man might conceivably see with his ears.

At a sign from the little man the fiddlers raised their bows in that routine manner which seems to say, "Let's get through with this and go home." Toscanini, bent over the band, sensed the solid mass of antagonism below him. "Tell them to put away 'Aïda,'" he said to the librarian, "and bring the parts of 'Götterdämmerung.'" The men looked up, incredulous. How could a little Italian with pointing mustachios conduct "Götterdämmerung"?

The maestro gave the signal to begin the Wagner opera without opening his score. Was it possible he knew the most complicated opera in the world by heart? Apparently he did, for he stopped them at every other bar to call their attention to a wrong note or a misplaced nuance. The men lost their indifference and sat upright in their chairs. Now the Italian grew angry and began shouting at them in his native tongue. He seemed to want innumerable things and he heard everything—he heard too much. It was incredible. A mustachioed wop unfolding Wagner's score as faithfully as if he were looking at the printed page!

The rehearsal over, the men remained to wonder and discuss. Who was this prodigy and why had he been content to hide his light beneath a Milanese bushel? Inquiry disclosed the most niggardly data. Arturo Toscanini was born in Parma in 1867. He became a pupil at the Milan Conservatory, choosing the 'cello as his instrument. Reaching early manhood, he was given a 'cello stand in the Scala orchestra and to him there presently occurred one of those "success" miracles rather more commonly associated with business than with music. The regular conductor falling ill, the young 'cellist volunteered to conduct the scheduled performance, which he did from memory and with such excellent results that he was induced to exchange the bow for the conductor's stick. He explained his photographic memory on the basis of bad eyesight. For his impeccable ear and marvellous musicianship he could find no explanation.

THE Metropolitan began giving perfect opera on those nights when Toscanini directed. Rehearsals were

RIVIERA SEASON

frequent and endless. It was intimated that they cost money, a fact which the maestro found interesting but irrelevant. No rehearsals, no opera. The maestro's now famous temper awakened the wrath of the musical union. "Swine, shoemakers" were the nearest English equivalents of the Italian expletives the maestro hurled at his players. Whereupon the orchestra, in solemn conclave, voted these outbursts misnomers and demanded an apology. Backed by the musical union, the final decision was an apology or no orchestra. Toscanini took to his bed in rage, refused refreshment, and swore that he had only enunciated facts. But the union remained adamant.

Having gone through with the formality of an apology, the irate leader resumed his artistic dictatorship with a vengeance, only taking care not to exceed the union limits on plain invective. "Star" casts were used up by him as if their pay envelopes contained Confederate money. Glück's "Orfeo," a classic with no box-office appeal, was mounted, and cost a fortune. Its production was a little present from the aesthetic Italian to himself and kindred musical spirits. He rehearsed each singer individually, conferred with the scene-painters, inspected the costumes, and spent hours testing the exact spot backstage where the person who sang the Echo must stand to obtain the illusion of tonal mimicry called for in the score. Madame Delna, a noted French contralto, was imported to sing the title rôle. When Delna reached the end of her big aria, "Che Faro senza Eurydice," she took the time-honored liberty of lingering on a very low note, a note which is to a contralto what a high one is to a tenor; whereupon Toscanini, with deliberate unconcern, broke in upon the unmusical gesture with the orchestral epilogue. Madame cried copiously at the maestro's irreverent treatment and swore that such

a thing could not have happened to a great artist anywhere else in the world.

AT the height of Toscanini's dictatorship at the Metropolitan, Italy stepped into the great war and the maestro began showing signs of restlessness; but it was not until a more personal war broke out between himself and Gatti-Casazza that Toscanini fled America, presumably never to return. The details of this historic feud, which has not been patched up to this day, have never been divulged, but the erstwhile sympathetic colleagues parted loathing each other.

The patrons of the Metropolitan were indifferent to feuds, however, and began to miss the Toscanini touch in Verdi, Puccini, and Wagner; so Mr. Otto Kahn dispatched a cable to Milan which said, in effect, "Come back, the sky's the limit." No answer ever came back and Mr. Kahn decided to believe that his message was never received. Meanwhile travellers returning from Milan reported that the doings at La Scala outrivalled anything at the Metropolitan. They also reported that while the maestro shuddered at the thought of coming back to the Met he might be induced to return to the States in the rôle of a symphonic conductor.

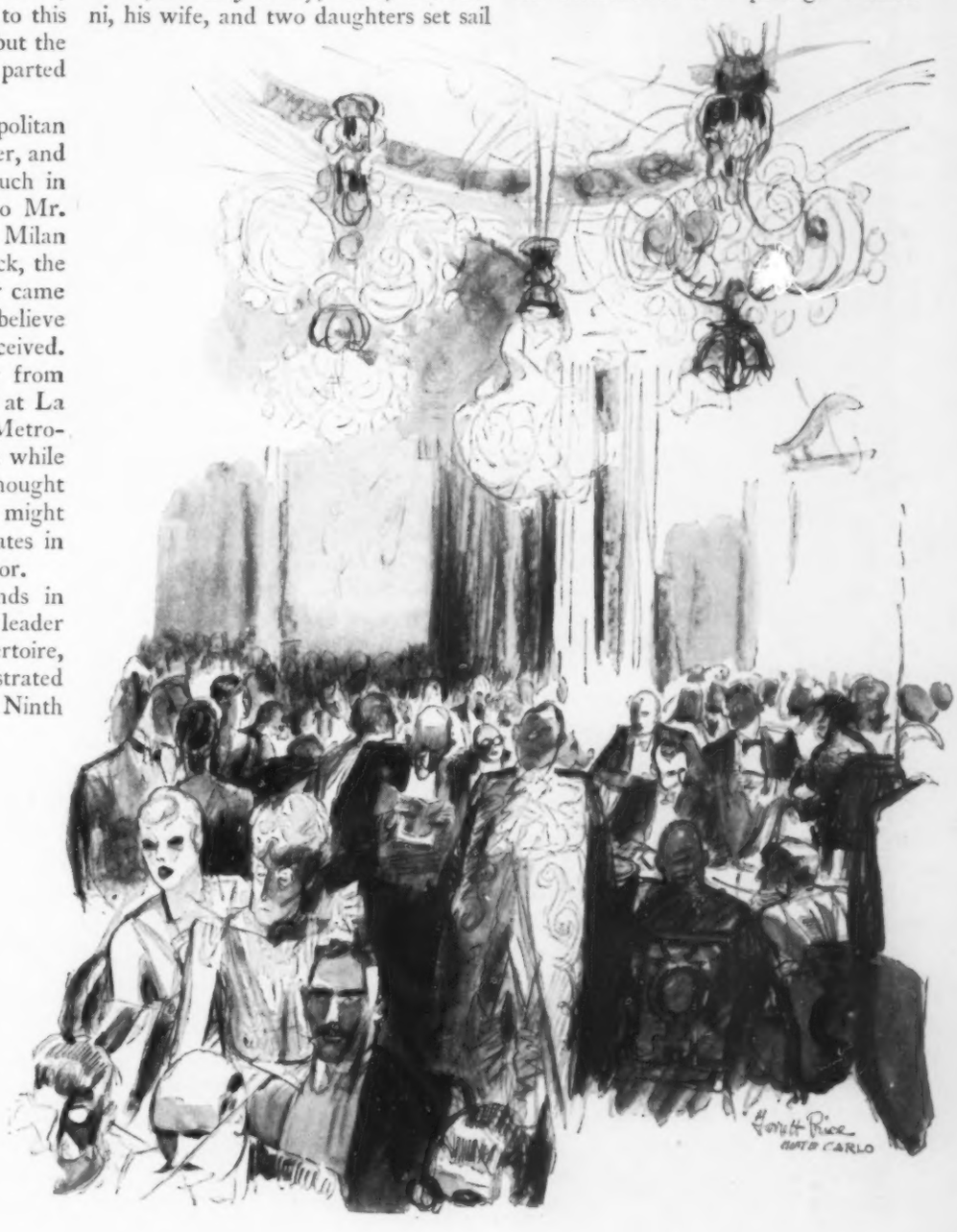
Wiseacres held up their hands in horror at the idea of an operatic leader attempting the symphonic repertoire, although Toscanini had demonstrated his fitness by giving Beethoven's Ninth at a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan. However, back came the maestro with his Scala orchestra, a band which proved to be not as good as our own symphony orchestras.

Then a light broke in upon Mr. Clarence Mackay. Mr. Mackay, having grown fond of the New York Philharmonic, decided that his favorite band must have the finest of everything, including the finest conductor; and hearing that Toscanini was difficult to get —impossible, in fact—he promptly set out to get him, and of course did. But getting Toscanini only begins with the acquiesence of the maestro.

THE truth is that the great Italian leader is not a free agent. Like so many of his musical colleagues, he is superstitious and, there is reason to believe, mainly orders his life according to the behest of spirits, charms, signs, and omens. This being so, his agreement with Mr. Mackay to lead the Philharmonic required the ratification of the supernatural powers under which the maestro lives.

Fortunately for New York, the spirits, being consulted, were found to favor the project, rooms were booked in the Hotel Astor, and in January, 1926, Toscanini, his wife, and two daughters set sail for Carnegie Hall. There the Philharmonic and Mr. Mackay greeted them. The maestro was delighted with the orchestra, rehearsed it to the fainting point, and scored a terrific success. Invited to repeat his visit the following season, the maestro took for granted the continued approval of the spirits, so once again the Toscaninis found themselves at the Astor. But suddenly, out of a clear sky, the unsubstantial inhabitants of the air changed front and forbade, point-blank, Toscanini's further participation in Philharmonic concerts.

It was given out that Toscanini was ill, as indeed he soon became as a result of the unaccountable mandate from his celestial guardians. Weeks passed. Mr. Mackay was in despair, for even his connections and prestige seemed



powerless to influence the disaffected genii. When everybody had about given up hope, however, the spirits relented and Toscanini, thin and haggard, emerged to give the Eroica and the Ninth to houses of such enormous proportions that the police had to be called out to prevent the storming of doors by disappointed customers.

Mr. Mackay embraced the happy moment to offer the maestro a new contract to become the regular conductor of the Philharmonic for at least half a season each year. The fee was fixed at two thousand per concert, the number of concerts thirty, which made a respectable total of sixty thousand dollars for half a season, a record-breaking sum for a conductor, though chicken feed for a coloratura soprano. Toscanini was tempted. Things had not been going so well at the Scala where, in a fit of musical indignation, he had called one of his first violins a ——. He had really not meant anything personal in calling the fiddler a ——. What he had meant to convey was the fact that the offending musician, charming as he might be as a person, was a —— as a violinist. The fiddler, misunderstanding, sued the maestro in the courts of Milan for defamation of character. The courts, however, after a sensational trial, returned a verdict for Toscanini, ruling that if Toscanini did not know when a violinist was a ——, who would?

"Listen, Bill, where do you suppose the Lone Eagle is going to make his nest?"

O. SOGLOW

This verdict surprised no one, for Toscanini had become a hero to the Milanese. His house, No. 20 Via Durino, is a local shrine to which anyone in Milan will direct your steps. They will tell you, even if you do not ask, that the maestro sold his palazzo during the late war and patriotically presented the cheque to the Italian war chest. He has since rebought No. 20 with his newly earned American dollars. However, much as Toscanini loved his palazzo and his chianti, his troubles at the Scala left him too weak to resist Mr. Mackay's importunities.

Thus far the spirits have smiled indulgently on the maestro's efforts in New York. Untroubled by ill-disposed mentors, his season last winter was one of the most absorbing he had ever had—full of rehearsals, concerts, and parties on his nights off, at which he talked in his husky voice and with Italian vehemence about the deplorable state of European orchestras, the poor quality of conductors, the worthlessness of modern music, except that of his compatriots Respighi, Pizzetti, and De Sebata, whose music he admires and plays in the teeth of our indifference.

In the morning he is at Carnegie Hall for rehearsals a half hour ahead of the orchestra. These rehearsals are conducted in great secrecy, for at them the whole man is laid bare. He demands perfection at all times, from himself as well as from the men; and to get perfection he commands, beseeches, threatens, storms, and cajoles. "Secondi violini," he exclaimed once, sinking to his knees and clasping his hands towards the astonished second fiddle section. "See, I pray to you—give me the pianissimo I desire—I pray to you on my knees. . . ." But when the bass clarinetist failed to appear in time to blow his one or two notes in "Till Eulenspiegel," Toscanini shrieked "Assassin" and clutched his head in despair.

Yet his modesty is as colossal as some men's egotism. When he is satisfied with himself and his men, he signals the orchestra to rise, and bows with them, himself an integral part of the organization. For the orchestra he is a disembodied, perfect ear, and it obeys him like a man under a spell. His memory, contrary to natural law, seems to grow keener the older he gets. Reposing indelibly in his mind are ninety operatic scores, the standard symphonic literature, and a thousand musical odds and ends.

Toscanini loves all music except the modernist, jazz, and Tschaikowsky, at the mention of whose name he loses his reason. Beethoven is his idol and on his table in the green room of Carnegie Hall you will always find a miniature of the great symphonist. When a concert has proceeded to his satisfaction, this room is full of adoring friends and musicians, and the maestro is the soul of affability, disclaiming the hysterical praise showered upon him with a genuine self-depreciation. But should the oboe player have blown just one wrong note there is gloom backstage. Toscanini paces the room, the pallor of death on his features. The group of admiring friends stands apprehensively at the door, not daring to enter. Those distressing moments, so frequent during a season, are known to the family by the cataclysmic name of "tempests." When a tempest is in progress not even the two Toscanini girls dare approach their father. They wait patiently at the door until Mrs. Toscanini, an adept at turning away musical wrath, announces, with the impersonal manner of a weather bulletin, "Come in, the tempest is over."

—SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

DISCARDING IN HEARTS

There was a most engaging youth
With money in his pocket, too,
Who whispered words of manly truth
And fixed me with bright eyes of blue.

Another fascinating gent
Sang tenor up and basso down.
He never owed the world a cent
And fixed me with bright eyes of brown.

Since honesty of word and purse
Are righteous things and proper, too,
And many things, no doubt, are worse
Than yearning eyes of brown and blue,

Young women being what they are,
I mourn a little every day
For those who are particular
Of what they speak and when they pay.

And, from my mourning, turn away
To one who neither sings nor looks,
No pence to spend, no truth to say;
And that's what comes of reading books!

—ELSPETH

THE THEATRE

ESSAYS IN THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS

"DYNAMO," by Eugene O'Neill, at the Martin Beck, finds Mr. O'Neill racked with anguish at the impersonality of the Force which governs the universe. "If there is a God let the old Bozo strike me dead," his hero cries in the first act, and in the last act he is imploring his new God, Electricity, to tell him its secret. This is an adolescent agony which, in most people, passes with maturity into dull pain or vast relief. I can find no evidence, however, that Mr. O'Neill views it from the outside as an experience of his young and pathological hero. Mr. O'Neill, almost inaudible from emotion, is speaking for himself.

Here is the story of the play: Two families live side by side. The Lights are Fundamentalists and have a son. The Fifes are Atheists and have a daughter. The young people are in love with each other.

To test young Reuben Light, Ada Fife lets her father tell him that he (Fife) is an escaped murderer. Reuben immediately reports this fantastic fable to his mother, is overheard by his father, and when his father sets out to tell the police, has a brainstorm which results in the big scene as recorded above. Thereafter Reuben strides away to see the world.

In Act II Reuben returns, not knowing his mother has died of grief, has a scornful love scene with Ada, tells her that he's bought books on philosophy, chemistry, physics, and electricity and often stayed up all night to read them, and asks her to get him a job in the power plant of which her father is superintendent. Then he goes to his father's house and learns of his mother's death.

The third act takes place inside the power company's hydroelectric plant, four months later. Reuben has gone what you and I would describe as batty, and taken the big dynamo for his God, a God he worships with the identical superstitious frenzy he has so despised in his father. Reuben has also possessed Ada in the meantime.

Ada's mother, who is the Earth Spirit embodied in maudlin flesh, understands how he feels about the dynamo because she has sort of a dynamo complex herself. Ada tries to win Reuben from his worship of the dynamo, which she finds irksome since he has vowed to it a monastic purity. She succeeds by methods which only the drop of a prudent curtain makes theatrically practical. Ada then feels that she has freed him, but Reuben, horrified at his action, shoots Ada and commits a blue, sparkling suicide by thrusting his hands into the dynamo.

This is pretentious rant. One can

"SERENA BLANDISH"

Here we have Ruth Gordon as the much too amiable young lady around whose inability to get a husband the comedy at the Morosco revolves.

only wish, in the words of Ned Darrow's prayer to Mother God, that Mr. O'Neill would resign himself to being an atom.

The characters in "Dynamo" declaim the exposition and their thoughts as they did in "Strange Interlude," but "Dynamo" is still farther from realism in its method. In the first two acts two skeleton houses make up the set and any one of the people whose words are needed to carry on the story speaks without regard for the logic of time. I say that as comment, not criticism; if the story were worth telling this might be entirely justifiable.

The acting of "Dynamo" does little to redeem the play. Except for Dudley Digges, who makes Fife almost a human being, and Claudette Colbert, who makes Ada a ravishingly pretty and distinctly credible girl, all the actors involved play their parts in a sustained tremolo reminiscent of nothing so much as the delivery of a prayer made after a poor collection.

IT has never been my painful duty to pluck the feathers from some Icarus trying, at least, to wing toward the sun that in the next breath I hadn't to commend the wobbly flight of some penny kite. The necessity always embarrasses me.

In this instance the penny kite is "The Whispering Gallery," by Percy Robinson and Terence de Marney, at the Forrest Theatre.

It is a comedy mystery of the all-too-familiar brand. It takes place in a room where a murder was committed and which is supposed to be haunted. The comedy consists largely of the terrors of a very synthetic negro butler, the antics of a haw-haw Englishman, and the ill manners of a disagreeable dowager. The horrors are made up of shrieks, sudden darkness, discovered bodies, and raving lunacy. This differs from recent concoctions of the same nature only in that it makes a little sense, and scared me a mite now and then.

It's adequately done (the scale of adequacy in such cases being one inch to the yard) and may satisfy the low appetite which leads people to buy tickets for mystery comedies. That low appetite is one I understand and so probably give an entirely false importance.

For Heavens' sake don't go expecting to see another "Perfect Alibi," or I'll start getting those disappointed and abusive letters again.

"MY GIRL FRIDAY," by William A. Grew, at the Republic, is a farce with a dirty plot. The same thing might of course be said of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and is no real ground for prejudice against a work. There is a difference, however, between a funny dirty story and a dirty story. In the hands of the late Avery Hopwood, "My Girl Friday" might well have become hilariously, and blessedly, funny. As it stands it is just a plain farce with a dirty plot.

The backers of a musical show have the manager send three chorus girls to the country place of one of their number for an evening of revelry and, when one girl resents their advances, bully them all with the threat of taking their jobs away.

The wisest of the chorus girls puts knockout drops in the wine of the three men, and they pass out. The next morning the girls *ad-lib* as to what happened, to the men's great discomfort, and then comes the Niagara of indignant husbands and wives apparently indispensable to this sort of thing.

Perhaps, this, like plain dirty stories, will amuse the hyperinhibited; but not for long, I fancy.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

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BALDERDASH DEPARTMENT

[Col. C. B. Robbins, quoted by the Associated Press]

"The fact that so many thousands of our youth are willing to voluntarily take the military training that they may fit themselves for the grim business of war, is one of the finest indications that the heart of the country is sound."

The fact that, in 1929, we still employ an assistant secretary of war, and let him be quoted by the Associated Press, is also an indication of something or other.

"Have you gentlemen ever considered changing your appeal?"

New York Galleries, Inc., Decorators

ONE of the most distinguished decorative styles of all time, Georgian architecture and related arts will no doubt survive the fads and foibles of an experimental age, where culture and good taste prevail.

¶ English interiors of the Early XVIII Century combined to a rare degree a fine sense of dignity with a feeling of *livableness*, and achieved decorative distinction through the happy co-ordination of the furniture and other appointments with an interesting yet restful background.

¶ As a *producing* organization of decorators and cabinetmakers, we are prepared to complete an interior in harmony with any architectural *motif* in each detail of the background, furniture, lighting, hangings and other incidentals so essential to a well-considered decorative scheme.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE MAYORALTY DOPE SHEET

REDUCING the local political situation to a mathematical basis, the chances of the various passive and active candidates to become Mayor of New York City at the fall election can be expressed as follows:

1. James J. Walker.....even money
2. Alfred E. Smith.....2 to 1 against
3. Herman A. Metz.....5 to 1 against
4. John F. Hylan.....6 to 1 against
5. Joseph V. McKee.....8 to 1 against
6. Grover A. Whalen...8 to 1 against
7. Major-Gen. John F. O'Ryan 10 to 1 against
8. Fiorello La Guardia 10 to 1 against
9. George McAneny....10 to 1 against
10. Charles H. Tuttle...12 to 1 against
11. Emory R. Buckner....12 to 1 against
12. George U. Harvey..15 to 1 against
13. George V. McLaughlin 20 to 1 against
14. Judge Otto S. Rosalsky 20 to 1 against
15. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler 30 to 1 against
16. Julius Miller.....30 to 1 against

THESE opening odds are arrived at by the following considerations:

1. JAMES J. WALKER—The odds would be two or three to one in favor of Mayor Walker, except for the possibility that the United States Supreme Court may hand down a decision favorable to the seven-cent fare. In that event the odds would switch to two or three to one against him.

If the five-cent fare stands, apparently the only thing that could beat Mayor Walker would be an uprising of the business interests and civic associations, which have been driven nearly desperate by the street-traffic and transit situations. Transit and street traffic are the city's most important problems. Mayor Walker's record on them is a blank. Sponsored by Governor Smith as the man who would solve these problems, Mayor Walker has not even tackled them. In his campaign of four years ago, he filled the map of the city with new bridges and tunnels, new thoroughfares and new arteries of traffic. These exist nowhere today except in discarded blueprints.

The trouble is that the problem is many-sided and full of vexatious controversy. Wrangling and argument bore the Mayor. If every faction would only give unanimous endorsement to some comprehensive plan, he would execute it. But the great characteristic of the Mayor is that he wants to be agreeable to everyone. If he should adopt any given plan, its opponents would feel badly. This is distressing to a man who wants everybody to have a good time and go home in a happy frame of mind. The bottleneck of the traffic situation in New York City is the mayor's genial and benevolent temperament.

Barring procrastination on traffic and transit, Mr. Walker can point to a fairly impressive list of achievements. One great element of strength is his personal popularity, based on his wit and charm, his sunny disposition, and his freedom from any trace of meanness or bunk. He has in his favor the fact that Tammany, although grumbling a little, is reasonably contented. George W. Olvany is fairly satisfactory as a leader. While not a masterful or inspiring boss, he has been successful enough and not indifferent to the welfare of the boys. Some of the prominent Tammany lawyers are a little envious of the sensational expansion of Mr. Olvany's law practice since he became leader of Tammany Hall, but their grief is not important. Tammany wants its leaders to prosper.

The Rothstein case is dead as a political issue. The people were teased by that fascinating mystery and demanded that their curiosity be satisfied. Under the pretext of clamoring for the vindication of the majesty of justice, they really burned to have the authorities give them more thrills. Grover Whalen came along and supplied thrills of another kind, and the Rothstein case was forgotten.

Mr. Walker has said two or three times that he does not like to be mayor and wants to retire. All office-holders have their blue moments and talk that way, but it is safe to say that no man in America loves his job as much as the present mayor loves the mayoralty. It gives him a perfect stage for his personality and talents. He is the greatest social success since the time of Peter Stuyvesant. The acclaim he received on his tours of the old and new worlds left him walking on air. If he doesn't like to be mayor, then Ward McAllister didn't like to be cotillion leader.

Another asset of Mayor Walker's is the two-term tradition. Tammany could not supersede him without branding him as incompetent. Four years ago Tammany threw Hylan out of office on the ground that he was incompetent. If Walker were served in similar fashion, the organization would have to say to the voters: "It is true we have given you incompetent mayors for the

• •

"Mrs. Cox, this is my first-born."

THE NECKLINE OF BEAUTY : In a sapphire and diamond necklace Black Starr and Frost have developed a new thought in jewelry design — the neckline of beauty. The necklace is shaped so that it takes the graceful contour of the neck as though a sculptor had formed it.

BLACK STARR & FROST

JEWELERS FOR 119 YEARS

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK · PARIS · PALM BEACH

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

has added Pond's "delicious" Freshener and "exquisite" Tissues to her daily régime

MRS. ISELIN, *one of the smartest women in New York society, says, "To be perfectly groomed is all important. A lovely skin is essential to chic." She protects her own beautiful complexion by following Pond's Method every day.*

Pond's Freshener closes the pores, tones, firms the skin . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues are exquisite to remove cold cream . . . These delightful new products with the famous Two Creams enable you to have your daily beauty treatment anywhere.

TRY Pond's two chic new products and you, like Mrs. Iselin, will add them to your daily beauty régime.

The exquisite Cleansing Tissues are silky soft. Modern science prescribes them for removing cold cream. They are generously large and firm, and so marvelously absorbent that in an instant they wipe away dirt and oil.

As for the Freshener—there's a blessing for your skin! It is a tonic and mild astringent safe to use as often as you need. It closes the pores and tones and firms your skin—brings lovely glowing youth to your cheeks.

HERE'S how these two new beauty aids should complete your daily treatment:

One, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream for immaculate cleansing. *Two*, remove with Tissues. *Three*, pat face and neck briskly with the rejuvenating Freshener. *Four*, just a whisk of Vanishing Cream to make the powder cling.

Try this delightful method! Send for a week's supply of all four preparations.

THE FAMOUS TWO CREAMS

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
118F Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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last twelve years, but give us another trial."

Only the seven-cent fare or an outburst of bolshevism by the businessmen of New York can beat Walker. Some of the conservative merchants assert that business is being driven into New Jersey and elsewhere by the breakdown of traffic facilities in New York and that, given a few more mayors like Hylan and Walker, Manhattan Island will be sold back to the Indians for twenty-four dollars. But in New York politics, the businessmen have never demonstrated even the turning capacity of the worm.

2. ALFRED E. SMITH—Bells would be rung, whistles blown, banks closed, and a spontaneous holiday declared, if the ex-Governor came out for the office. There would be mourning in the Tammany clubs and perhaps at Republican headquarters, but rejoicing everywhere else. There would be no campaign. The secretary would be instructed to step into the next room and cast a ballot for Smith. If a seven-cent-fare decision makes Walker unavailable, the probability that the ex-Governor will be the next mayor becomes very strong. There is an almost universal feeling that Smith is the one man with the knowledge, prestige, and force to see the city through the crisis which now faces it. A powerful hand is needed to take hold of New York and save it from crushing itself under its own weight. Ex-Governor Smith has said that he would not consider the nomination. He means that. Before making the last three of his five campaigns for governor, he stated with the utmost emphasis that he would never run again. He meant that. Private life is the ex-Governor's mirage. He yearns for it and is fascinated by the sight of it in the distance, but he never catches up with it. If there is one thing that ex-Governor Smith could not stand, it's private life.

3. HERMAN A. METZ—Former Comptroller Metz is third on the list, because of his Fusion possibilities. Metz is one of the few men who might command the normal Republican vote and appeal also to a considerable element among the Democrats.

4. JOHN F. HYLAN—A seven-cent-fare decision would make him dangerous. The forty-million-dollar shipless docks on Staten Island and the seventeen-million-dollar foodless mar-

"I picked it up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of the embroidery in her frock, a symphony of all the gorgeous hues that suit her beauty. It was made up after her own design, like the highwayman's coat worn with the Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II *is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Beauty, charm, chic, a merry wit and many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and best-liked women in New York.*

"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. This Lanvin creation of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of her neck and arms. A magenta girdle and green slippers with magenta heels complete her ensemble.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory.

Tall, slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the new Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The delicious Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream is a delightful powder base."

Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold the Two Creams and Freshener for her daily régime.

In the familiar containers—Pond's four famous products, Two Creams, Tissues, Freshener, which beautiful women use daily to keep their skin lovely.

Thousands of chic and beautiful women follow Pond's Method thus:

AMPLY APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft, absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

Finish with a whisk of Vanishing Cream to make your powder cling.

Try Pond's Method for a week!

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 Preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
118 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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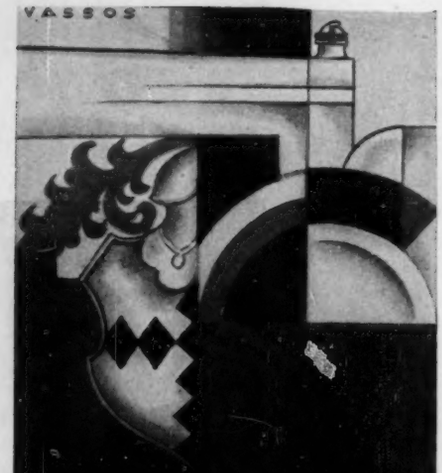


According to official registrations, more new Packards were delivered to purchasers in New York County during October, November and December, 1928, than any other make, except Ford. Thus did the world's most discriminating motor car market, place its unqualified approval upon the new Packard Eights.

There can be but one reason for this astonishing success. Packards are purchased on their economic worth—THEIR DOLLAR VALUE, as represented by greater satisfaction, longer life and low maintenance.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 51st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 196th Street)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

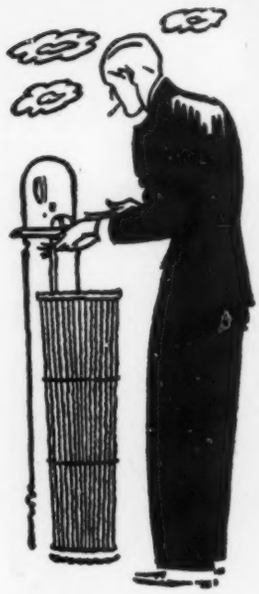
PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

ket in the Bronx are testimonies to his city-planning prowess.

5. JOSEPH V. MCKEE—President McKee of the Board of Aldermen just misses being an ideal young public servant. Educated, upright, industrious, brainy, spotless in his private and public reputation, he lacks only aggressiveness and warmth of personality. He is somewhat narrow-minded and quite humorless, as evidenced by his proposal of a city censorship of motion pictures in order to eliminate gibes at the Jewish, Irish, and other elements—as if Hollywood were not ten times as hard on the natives as on the immigrants. Mr. McKee has been playing the sticks, making two or three speeches a night before local community gatherings: at Ridgewood one night, at Woodridge the next, and so on. He sits down with people, takes pencil and paper, and shows how the right man could run the city at less than half the present price. He has announced that, out of loyalty to Mayor Walker, he is not a candidate, unless Mayor Walker decides not to run. The unfortunate thing for McKee is that he shares the record of the Walker administration. A seven-cent-fare decision would make him a lame-duck as well as Walker. Anything that would cause Walker to retire would seem to make McKee unavailable.

6. GROVER A. WHALEN—Whalen has not been long enough with the Walker administration to share the seven-cent-fare odium, if any. His handling of the Times Square traffic problem was a civic feat. The scheme was Philip D. Hoyt's, but Whalen used it, while his predecessor neglected it. The public realizes that Whalen is a doer and that the city, above all things, needs a doer. He would be third on the list, but for the strong probability that he will do something to destroy his present popularity. His weakness is overconfidence in himself, and his belief that all laws become dead letters when they interfere with him. He can backtrack, as was shown by the sudden cessation of his Carrie Nation raids, but the next time he is going in the wrong direction he may not backtrack quickly enough. He has boasted in public speeches of getting police results by torturing prisoners. The incident of his chauffeur and the traffic cop emphasizes his hardness and lack of humor. His ruthless dismissal and disgracing of veteran police officers



INSIDE NEWS

IT'S the stuff inside that makes you. And here's a bit of inside news that will make your smoking appetite forever sturdy and smiling. *Use Squibb's Dental Cream.*

Squibb's is a grand thing for smokers because it contains over 50% Milk of Magnesia. The minute particles that penetrate the mouth crevices not only fight acidity, but also keep your breath sweet and your taste lively and pleasant.

Just as soon as you can, start using Squibb's Dental Cream. Your whole smoking day will become brisker and brighter.

On sale at all druggists at 40c a generous tube.

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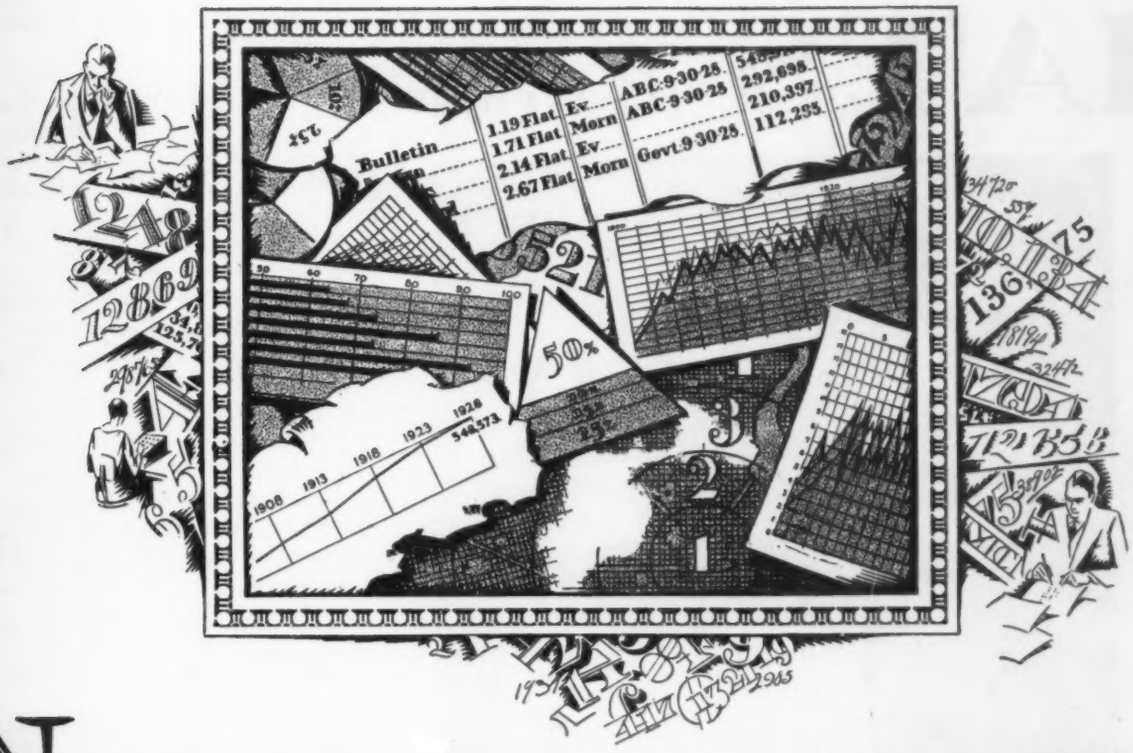
GUARD THE DANGER LINE



NO SET OF FIGURES EVER COMPILED

can prove this...

AUDITORS' reports indicate total circulation and its distribution. Charts and graphs demonstrate coverage and concentration. Line and milline rates give figures on cost.

But no set of figures ever compiled can prove the *character of a newspaper* . . . the *responsiveness* of its readers.

What does it mean to the advertiser that The Philadelphia Bulletin has *twice* the circulation of any other local evening paper?

Or that, in Philadelphia, it nearly equals the *combined* circulation of all morning papers? Or that The Bulletin's rate is one of the lowest in America?

Is it the *kind of circulation* that the advertiser wants?

It depends upon the character of the newspaper; and character is revealed largely by its *history*.

In the Shopping District
Along Chestnut Street, from Sixth to Twenty-second Street, are located exclusive shops which cater to the wealth of Philadelphia and its suburbs. Of the 187 retailers in this section who advertised during 1928, 163 used The Bulletin. Eighty-seven per cent! Retailers place more individual advertisements in The Bulletin (in six days) than in all Philadelphia, daily and Sunday, newspapers *combined*.

In 1895, The Bulletin's publisher set out to make a fine newspaper. Seeking . . . not a quick growth . . . but a permanent one. A growth that would be rooted deep in the confidence,—in the respect and esteem of the Philadelphia Home.

A few thousand circulation then; more than *half a million* now,—without a premium, prize or circulation contest!

The history of those thirty-three years of growth proves how well The Bulletin sensed the type of newspaper that Philadelphia wanted.

548,573 copies daily . . . a market of 600,000 homes: Only a few newspapers in America exceed it.

Scarcely a home in Philadelphia and suburbs is without its daily copy of The Bulletin. At one cost, and a low cost, America's Third Market can be thoroughly covered with one newspaper.

The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street
New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue

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MALLORY HATS "Cravenette"

Blocks And Colors As Worn By The Best-Turned-Out Men At The Elite Resorts Of Europe And America

$6.50 to $10.50

Also The "Mallory Fifteen"

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Mallory Hats For Men And Mallory Tailored Hats For Women

with fine records has told against him. There is more whispering against him because of harsh treatment of old-timers than for any other cause. The city needs a man of action, but it is doubtful if it fancies a roughshod rider like this one.

7. MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN—An able man with a glorious war record, who might lead a Fusion movement. It has been charged that he is no friend of the nickel fare.

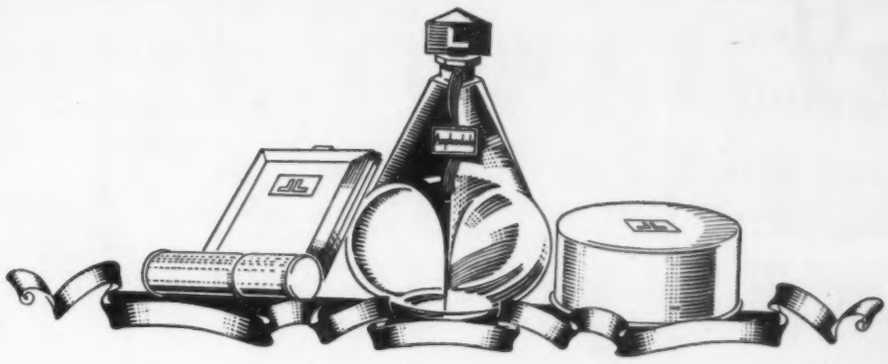
8. CONGRESSMAN FIORELLO LA GUARDIA—A former major in the flying corps and an audacious battler against the interests. Has exchanged love tokens with Hylan and has the Hearst *fleur-de-lis* on his shoulder. A fiery and able campaigner, with a touch of the demagogue. He might lead a Fusion movement, but there does not seem to be a demand this year for statesmen of the dragon-slaying type and it is doubtful that the city as a whole hankers for a Latin of such definite Latin characteristics.

9. GEORGE MCANENY—Another possible Fusion standard-bearer. A darling of the civic associations. Not a five-cent-fare man.

10. UNITED STATES DISTRICT ATTORNEY CHARLES H. TUTTLE—Mr. Tuttle is a lawyer of high standing, an indefatigable religious worker, and for the past four years a leader of Republican forlorn hopes. His services to the party entitle him to a better fate than to receive the Republican nomination for mayor. He wants to be governor, and he has been assured that it will not be necessary for him to die for the Republican party this fall.

11. EMORY R. BUCKNER—Republican, former United States District Attorney, inventor of the night-club padlock and prosecutor of Borough President Maurice Connolly of Queens. He is able and has a record of performance, but is thought to lack a vote-getting personality.

12. GEORGE U. HARVEY, Borough President of Queens—He became a Republican hope because of his victory in Queens last fall and his earlier part in exposing the sewer scandal. His account of his rejection of enormous bribes has done him no good politically. The people prefer men who don't get offers. His position would be strong-



TOUCHED WITH
A FLOWER'S SORCERY

Her luminous beauty is sheathed in a mist of fragrance. Her soft cheek is as delicately scented as a night moth's velvet wing. And the warm curve of her lips is a provocative perfumed mystery. *Lenthéric* has touched her loveliness with a flower's sweet allure... The misty clinging powder bestows a petal-texture... the lipstick endows her with its subtle glowing sorcery... the slim silvery compact is a ready hand-maiden to her beauty. In all the finer shops, as well as in the Lenthéric Salon, you will find a complete ensemble of fragrance in your favorite Lenthéric odeur, reflecting with rich fidelity the radiance of *Asphodèle, Miracle* or *le Pirate*... Soothing as scented pomade are the *Lenthéric* lipsticks in cases as gay as toys of pearl-and-gold... Each silver-misted powder box holds *its own matching puff!*.. So slim and jewel-like is the silvery compact that you're surprised to discover it serves a double purpose—and each has its *extra powder refill.* At delightfully moderate prices.

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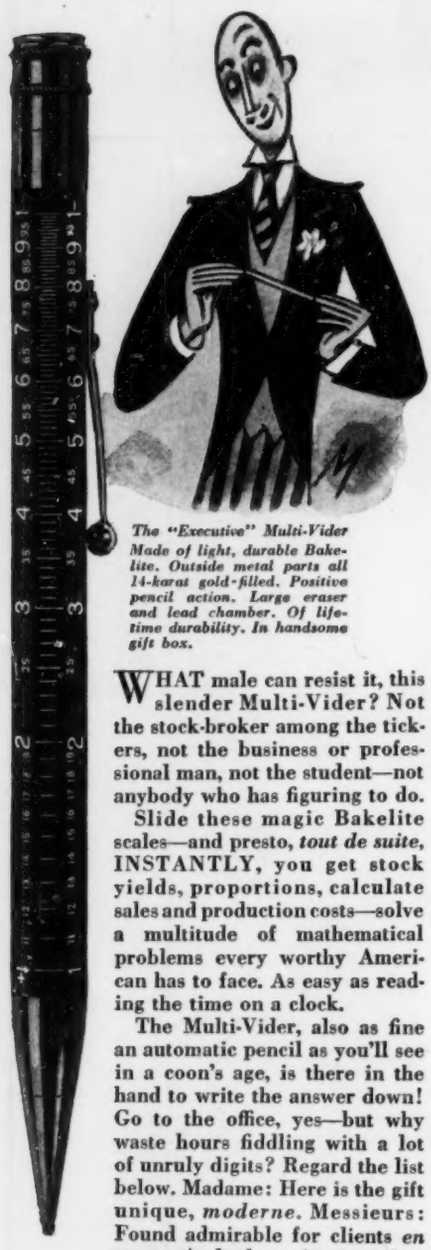
Here's *a workable gadget no male can resist*

Now science brings, etc. . . .



The "Executive" Multi-Vider Made of light, durable Bakelite. Outside metal parts all 14-karat gold-filled. Positive pencil action. Large eraser and lead chamber. Of lifetime durability. In handsome gift box.

WHAT male can resist it, this slender Multi-Vider? Not the stock-broker among the tickers, not the business or professional man, not the student—not anybody who has figuring to do.

Slide these magic Bakelite scales—and presto, *tout de suite*, INSTANTLY, you get stock yields, proportions, calculate sales and production costs—solve a multitude of mathematical problems every worthy American has to face. As easy as reading the time on a clock.

The Multi-Vider, also as fine an automatic pencil as you'll see in a coon's age, is there in the hand to write the answer down! Go to the office, yes—but why waste hours fiddling with a lot of unruly digits? Regard the list below. Madame: Here is the gift unique, *moderne*. Messieurs: Found admirable for clients *en masse*. And a boon for travellers wrestling with foreign exchanges.

The price of the handsome new Executive model is a conservative $10.00. The Junior Model is $5.00. Just say "Multi-Vider" in one of the establishments following. Multi-Vider Corporation, 2452-N1, Graybar Building, New York City.

On sale in New York City at

Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
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Alex. Taylor & Co.
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Parker & Battersby
Le Mouchoir
Kiddie Corner
Children's Book & Play Service

er if he had either kept the corruptionists at an awful distance or had led them on and trapped them.

13. GEORGE V. MCLAUGHLIN—George the Fifth, as they called him when he was Police Commissioner, is the ablest and strongest man on the list with the exception of Smith. He has the aggressiveness of Whalen, but he also has a sense of direction, judicial sanity, and contempt for personal publicity. He says he will not run. All the other candidates say the same thing, but George the Fifth is not fooling. It would take a convulsion of nature to make him change his mind.

14. JUDGE OTTO S. ROSALSKY—A Republican judge who knows the law and has friends. He has a modest boom for mayor every four years.

15. DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER—This spoiled child of the Republican party, who behaves so terribly during the national campaigns, is practically out of the running because he does not want to be mayor, even if he could have the job for the asking, and because the Republican leaders are still annoyed over the scene he made last fall. But Dr. Butler classes with Root and Hughes among the Republican intellectual giants, he is popular in spite of himself, and he might, if he could be decoyed into it, make a hair-raising Republican campaign.

16. JULIUS MILLER, President of the Borough of Manhattan—Julius Miller has the best record of any member of the Walker administration. He is the only man who has taken practical steps to give the city traffic relief. He is unpopular with Tammany, because it is felt that information on the plans of his office regarding projected public improvements gets into the hands of the wrong real-estate men. It is also doubted whether religious toleration has yet developed in New York City to the point where a Jew can be elected mayor. On the whole, it is slightly more likely that he will be turned out of his present post than be promoted to a higher one, even though they are already nominating him for mayor at civic-association dinners.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Sun*]

WRIT IS SERVED ON O. F. WOODWARD; He Must Produce Children in Court in 24 Hours.

Who wants the Storm *with his Fresh Air . . . ?*

Getting up to close windows when it rains or snows is needless bother. It's such an easy matter to place Wurldsbest Ventilators in the windows. Then here's what happens:

Ventilation without DRAFT
without RAIN
without SNOW

and a special feature is the built-in, fine mesh, bronze wire screen. Keeps out dirt and dust. Think what this means in savings to your curtains, drapes and rugs. ¶ Wurldsbest Ventilators are sturdily made of a special rust-resisting steel. Their appearance is an asset to the window, being finished in shining olive green enamel—baked on. This color is *neutral* and blends with any color scheme. ¶ Sizes to fit any window—each adjustable to assure snug setting. Prices $2.50 to $5.00, depending upon size. Insist that your department or hardware store supply you with Wurldsbest. If they cannot do so, write us for literature, sending name of your dealer.

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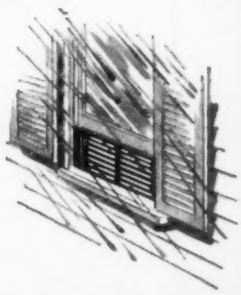

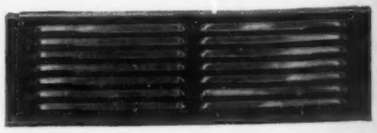

Wurldsbest
WINDOW
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THE TREND IN NATIONAL ADVERTISING

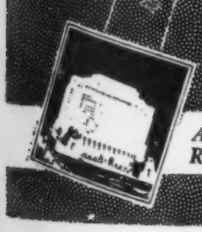
During 1928 The Chicago Daily News gained 111,167 agate lines of national advertising—the largest gain made by any Chicago newspaper. With outstanding leadership in local advertising, this national gain by The Daily News indicates its increasingly strong position in the Chicago market.

When one newspaper leads in advertising linage over a long period of time it is almost uniformly true that . . . that newspaper has earned public confidence and support by adherence to certain fundamentals of good newspaper making.

The Daily News endeavors to publish a good newspaper . . . accurate, timely and complete in its presentation of the news . . . vigorous in its advocacy of worth-while causes . . . clean in text . . . fair in policy . . . high in principle . . . worthy of the homes it enters . . . of interest and value to the more than 400,000 families who read it.

And as far back as the records go The Daily News has carried more advertising than any other Chicago daily newspaper.

A definite, continuing indorsement of the results The Daily News earns for its advertisers—the type of a newspaper it is.



THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's Home Newspaper

Advertising Representatives:

NEW YORK — J. B. Woodward, 110 E. 42d St.
CHICAGO — Woodward & Kelly, 360 N. Michigan Ave.
DETROIT — Woodward & Kelly, 408 Fine Arts Bldg.
SAN FRANCISCO — C. Geo. Krogness, 303 Crocker 1st Nat'l Bank Bldg.

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

AN ASSAULT UPON MR. VAN DINE

IF the protest here set forth turns out to be a mild one, that mildness should not be hastily put down to good will. It derives rather from the generally depleted condition induced by a reading of "The Bishop Murder Case." This detective story arrived breathless at the bookstalls on Wednesday of this week, and one may guess that by this time thousands of thumb-marked copies enrich the private libraries of this nation's Pullman car porters. Here is the fourth in the series of Philo Vance stories, each more complicated, more violent, more gory and more inexpert than the one before. Yet, still muttering and struggling feebly, I shall doubtless read the next one. For I belong to the vast, pathetic army of those who would rather read a poor detective story than none at all.

Usually each year's grist offers us no other alternative. A few rare and glittering exceptions, however, do keep alive, like some gallant little flame, the old notion that even detective stories are the better for being written by someone who knows how to write. The most affable reader of "The Bishop Murder Case" would scarcely pretend that such an ability is part of the mysterious Mr. Van Dine's equipment for his present vocation.

He did rather better when, as in each of his first two stories, he merely spun a yarn from an actual and recent murder mystery in our town, thereby succeeding, as many another had tried to do before him, in making an honest penny out of poor Dot King and the late Mr. Elwell. But in writing "The Greene Murder Case" and this latest work he gave free rein to his own invention, with disastrous results. I do grudgingly admit that that singularly trying detective of his, Mr. Philo Vance, (a really touching attempt to create a figure as vivid and as fascinating as Sherlock Holmes) does begin to seem a little less of a pretentious bore as a companion. But as a detective he is turning into a positive menace.

In his recent cases, with a fresh corpse in nearly every chapter, the mortality rate among the characters is alarming. Of course such a holocaust as keeps "The Bishop Murder Case" going does tend eventually to simplify the detective problem presented. Perhaps Vance holds his hand in order to accumulate more specimens of the murderer's handiwork for purposes of comparative study. Or maybe he merely feels that, after most of the suspects have been killed off, the task of picking a culprit from among the two or three survivors will become much easier.

If memory serves, the four Greene murders evoked considerable unseemly levity among those bibliophiles who collect such literature, it being so apparent that if, instead of the polysyllabic Philo Vance, the cop from the corner had been put in charge after the discovery of the first body, the rest of the killings would not have taken place at all. My recollection of that levity made more amusing the complacent sentence in Chapter One of "The Bishop Murder Case" which says:

"And last year the astounding Greene murders would undoubtedly have succeeded had not Vance been able to frustrate their final intent."

If Sherlock Holmes could have worked up a glow of satisfaction over so fractional a triumph, I fear that the deadly snake in "The Speckled Band" would not only have killed the other sister but have dropped off the bell rope and sunk a fang into poor Dr. Watson.

I SUPPOSE I am the more maddened by the ineptitudes of these Philo Vance stories because I share the common knowledge that S. S. Van Dine is a nom de plume assumed only for these flights of detective fancy in much the same spirit, I take it, that an up-state banker on a spree will register as John Smith at a rowdy road-house. They do say that behind that harlequin mask, lurks none other than Willard Huntington Wright, a journalist and critic with considerable erudition, and, if these Philo Vance stories be really his, an almost Nathanesque willingness to air it.

Under his own name Mr. Wright has written a good many books on painting, literature and philosophy, was even a dramatic critic for a brief period (of *Town Topics*) and, like most people at one time or another, he has edited the *Smart Set*. The record of his life work in "Who's Who in America" fails to mention such dissipations as the Philo Vance stories, but then it also fails to mention his short flight as a local columnist. When F.P.A. departed from the late *Evening Mail* at the end of 1912 (and, having been sternly forbidden to publish a valedictory poem, did smuggle in some acrostic verses, of which the initial letters spelled "Read the *Tribune*") he was succeeded by a succession of neophytes, of whom the first was Willard Huntington Wright. If Mr. Wright passed on at the end of two months it was no reflection on his work, for the frothing publisher of the *Mail* was on the rampage that year, and a columnist in his office led about as sheltered a life as a character in a Philo Vance story.

TIME was when detective stories were read furtively, in the manner adopted by the matron of my fraternity house at Hamilton, who used to spend the long Oneida County evenings sitting with her feet in the kitchen oven, reading "Three Weeks," but always cloaking that inflammatory work in the jacket of a little something by Harold Bell Wright, lest she lose caste in the eyes of those undergraduates with leanings towards the ministry.

Now the passion for them is so widespread and respectable that one would think even a Willard Huntington Wright might dash off a detective story without the manner of one going slumming. Perhaps it is worth noting that the book which, with the standard exception of the Sherlock Holmes shelf, is certainly the best full-length detective story written in the English language since Wilkie Collins finished "The Moonstone" more than sixty years ago, was the unabashed work of a writer already distinguished as an essayist, poet and playwright. Of course you know "The Red House Mystery" by A. A. Milne.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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THE SHOP OF JOHN CAVANAGH, LTD.

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Correct Headwear for Sport, Travel, Business or Dress
With Specialized Service and Individual Exclusiveness
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ARMSTRONG SHOES

Our emerging mademoiselle gets the ultimate in attention from Aristide, New York's grandest doorman. For has he not, he to whom women are as an old, old tale, noted class on yon pendant foot?

Absolutement, or yes, indeed! Those lovely, unwrinkling, unbulging shoes are by Armstrong, craftsmen extraordinary, who have — and who have *alone* — the secret of a perfect, never-varying glove-like fit, regardless of the changing position of the foot in action.

"Ah, moi," breathes Aristide, "quelle beauty, quelle richesse on ze foot of ze jeune fille—" And Aristide is right, unassailably right.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HOCKEY

Protests and Accidents— In Jim McNally's Room — The Smart Recruit

SEVERAL things interfered with hockey last week. First the iceplant in the Garden broke down, and the Americans played the Black Hawks on ice only a quarter of an inch thick. Then some visiting clubs, trying to make late trains, couldn't get their baggage trucks through the theatre zone; when this happened previously Mr. Whalen helped them out, but this time the Commissioner was away and worried trainers were left to argue with headquarters over the telephone.

For the Americans-Detroit game the ice was all right but the playing seemed slower than when the ice was bad. There is a sort of sluggish violence in these comparatively uninteresting games, an irritation which the players feel because they can't get going. The crowd too gets annoyed, welcoming as diversion all fights, penalties, and other opportunities to razz the referees; many emphatic voices supported Conacher and Burch in their protests against George Hay's goal in the last period.

For once there seemed to be some basis for a kick. Referee Bill O'Hara ruled Hay's shot offside but was overruled by the head referee, George Mallinson. Once a head referee has made a decision you can't make him take it back. Let the crowd yell and throw paper, let the excited players gather round him—what good does it do? The referee, if he amounts to anything, will stand there as though he were deaf, twirling his nickel-plated whistle and looking aloofly at the ceiling.

BEFORE the game I sat with Mallinson and O'Hara while they put on their skates. I figured it was a good chance to find what referees are like in private life. I wanted to ask them whether, as they ordered eggs at breakfast time, habit did not induce them to specify, "Two minutes;" would they, I wondered, settle a friendly argument by blowing a whistle? Not Mallinson and O'Hara. Waiting for the game to start, we talked about billiards. They had looked all round that afternoon for a place

"... because you love nice things"

The Singlette liberates body curves, emphasizes body slenderness. It serves for three or four of the undergarments formerly called indispensable. It *beautifies*—not blurs—your silhouette! A supply of Singlettes is the very first step in a lady's fastidious choice of Spring clothes. At good shops along the Avenue: $5 to $15 according to style and fabric.

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VAN RAALTE *Singlettes*

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to pass away an hour; someone suggested Doyle's or Hoppe's, but they had found another place, a terrible place. . . . In the arena, clearly audible, Al Frazin announced on the loudspeaker that the referees would be Mallinson and O'Hara, and in the silence that followed Mallinson got a laugh with "Do you hear the cheers?"

All hockey-league referees have other occupations besides sport. O'Hara, O'Leary, and Laflamme are doctors; Mallinson is in the lumber business; Bell is a contractor; and Lou Marsh, whom Garden crowds like least of any, writes a column on sport for the *Toronto Star*. Most of them are between thirty-five and fifty years old; they are paid fifty to a hundred dollars a game, depending on its importance. There is no official dressing-room for referees in the Garden. Jim McNally, the superintendent, lets them use his office and, sitting round his desk in polished chairs, they smoke and chat during the intermissions. It is cozy in the little office. The superintendent, a tall, elderly Irishman, thumbs over a pile of receipts; behind his head hangs a calendar ornamented with a picture of a saint, and on the corner of his desk the puck lies in a little ring of melted ice-shavings.

THOUGH Manager Gorman of the Americans has recalled Jesse Spring from Pittsburgh as utility defence man, the Rangers are beginning the last month of the season without any new players. It is too late now for Lester Patrick to break someone in; he likes to do that early in the season, when there is time for it. Once he told me a story about a fellow he had bought somewhere to fill a gap in his lineup. He went to a lot of trouble to give the new player the coaching he needed and before his first game even made out a list of the opposing team in which each individual's weaknesses and characteristics were noted. "And now," said Patrick, concluding his directions, "that's what I want you to do when you get in there." The new player nodded confidently. "I got you, coach. You just want me to play my regular game." Worn by a blackboard lecture that had lasted more than an hour, Patrick glared at him. "I thought he was kidding," he says, telling the story, "but he meant it. 'Sure, go on and play your regular game,' I told him. What could you do? A chap like him gets in the wrong profession when he takes up hockey—he ought to stick to prizefighting." —N. B., Jr.

In One Day
1193 WOMEN HAVE COME TO R. LOUIS
from all parts of the world

By ANN FRANKLIN

For years R. Louis has gathered from the wide world, a knowledge of beauty, tested it, and brought it to a superb point of perfection. Today, R. Louis has taken his place with those inspired men who have given their lives to the supreme creation of beauty for women—Paul Poiret and Lucien Lelong.

A step from Fifth Avenue, in the world's largest beauty establishment, more than eleven hundred fashionable women in one day have come for treatment and advice on the care of the skin and artistry of the hair. It is here that the socially eminent, the stars of the stage and screen have found the ultimate in beauty care and treatment.

And now—the preparations so carefully developed by R. Louis and the corps of skilled experts trained in his laboratory, are ready to be offered to the world. They are preparations so pure, so effective that they can bear the name of this modern magician, the name that has won the confidence of thousands of fashionable women the world over, R. Louis.

Each preparation, made of the finest materials procurable, is encased in a manner not only to grace the boudoir table, but to make it the most delightful to use. Each crême comes in a genuine pottery jar to preserve its exquisite texture and freshness, each lotion in a bottle of clear crystal. To see these new preparations and to use them, is to be instantly captured by their supreme fineness.

At the more distinguished places, ask to see these unsurpassed preparations of R. Louis. Write for* Beautistics, *a book on the Art of Beauty and the method of R. Louis, and diagnosis questionnaire, gratis.

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40-Fathom FISH

arrives socially—gastronomically speaking

. . . for it now receives the favor of Theodore Szarvas, maitre d'hotel, and Louis Diat, chef de cuisine, of the Ritz-Carlton. They say, "As delicious and delicate as we have ever served or tasted," which praise places 40-FATHOM* fish in the culinary *beau monde*.

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This fresh ocean fish is never frozen nor preserved nor out of cold storage. Caught but a few hours before in the depths of the Atlantic, many miles from shore. Freed of backbones and waste. Scrupulously cleaned. Wrapped in vegetable parchment paper—the newer way to buy fish.

❖

As easy to cook as bacon! New York apartment dwellers appreciate 40-FATHOM fish because of its perfect suitability to modern needs. They simply shake it out of its wrapper into the proper utensil and cook.

❖

Tonight, bring delectable variety to your dinner menu. Serve 40-FATHOM fish and insist that it shall come from your fish or meat dealer in the parchment paper wrapper pictured below. Fish not in this wrapper is not 40-FATHOM fish.

BAY STATE FISHING CO.
30 Fish Pier, Boston, Mass.

Please send free Recipe Book for 40-FATHOM fish as served at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Name.....

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COURT GAMES

Neglect—Dixon Untempted —A Trio to Choose From

LAST week, twenty-two years after the first national squash-racquets championship, the tournament was brought to New York. It hardly seems possible that such a hotbed of racquet games could have been neglected so long. The squash-tennis tournament is held here every year, and the Racquet and Tennis Club gets most of the fixtures for hard racquets and court tennis.

The fact is that only in recent years has New York taken its place among the leading centres of squash racquets. Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore were the cities in which the game gained a strong foothold earliest, and from 1908, when the national team championships were started, until 1921 these three alone sent teams to the tournament. It was not until 1924 that the team championship became national, with nine cities represented. New York entered that year, and the lists have swelled steadily since; fourteen teams took part in 1927. It was the influx of members of Harvard University's national championship teams of 1925, 1926, and 1927 that gave the game its biggest boost here. Last year New York won the team championship for the first time, with a combination made up largely of recent pupils of Harry Cowles at Cambridge.

Moreover it was a young Harvard gradu-

ate, Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., who brought the singles championship here for the second time. Palmer Dixon, captain of the 1925 Harvard team, had won it for New York in 1926, as a representative of the Racquet and Tennis Club. Incidentally, with the exception of these two victories, and that of Captain Gerald Robarts of England in 1924, the title has, since

1907, always been borne by a player from either Philadelphia or Boston.

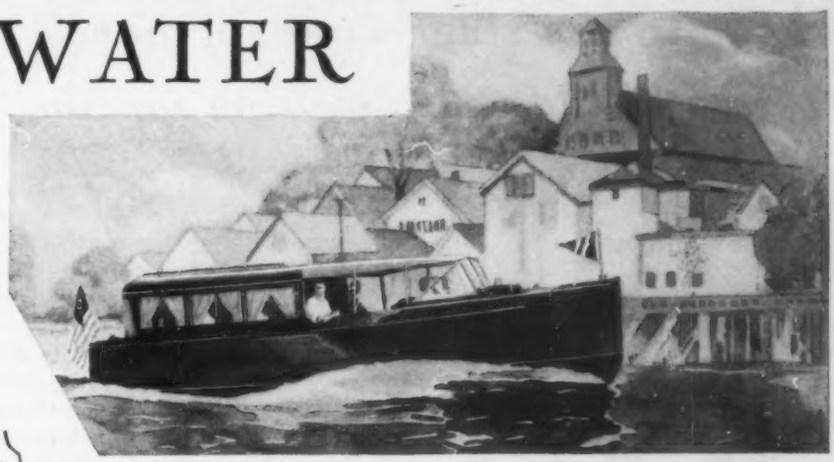
IT is quite a task to act as host for a national tournament, and as far back as November plans were being laid to take care of the players on the eleven teams that took part in this one. There is no gate in squash racquets, as there is in lawn tennis and golf; the players pay their own expenses. The club staging the championship gets no compensation for the use of its courts other than the incidental advertising, and such a club as the Racquet and Tennis, where the championship was held, is not a seeker of publicity.

THE squash courts at the Racquet Club are among the smallest in the country. Within their narrow confines the defensive player has an advantage over an aggressive opponent, so it was felt by some that Palmer Dixon would have an excellent chance to regain the title should he compete. But even the opportunity of playing on his home courts couldn't make him forsake hard racquets.

With Dixon not entered, three men stood out as the leading favorites in the singles: Herbert Rawlins; Larry Pool, captain of last year's Harvard University varsity; and Jay Iselin, the present captain. Of the three, Pool is the most daring and aggressive, with his murderous low shots down the alley. Iselin has confidence, strategy, and a gifted hand. Rawlins is probably the greatest stylist and the coolest player on the courts. On occasion he

Remarkable offer to men who prefer

WATER



REFERRING, of course, to the 'noble experiment' of a summer afloat —where you never have to smuggle your sunshine, analyze your air, nor bootleg the beauties of nature—where you slip past green coasts instead of green lights, and drowse before quaint fishing villages rather than in traffic jams. A. C. F. makes it possible!

It's an experience, not an experiment, with an A.C.F. And a doubly satisfying one with the new Cruiser-Runabout. For here is a craft which joins *commuting speed with cruising comfort* at minimum cost.

The cockpit seats seven. Sleeping accommodations for four. Collapsible awning . . . adjustable plate-glass windshield . . . mahogany-finish decks and hull, matched and polished . . . handsome fittings . . . every appointment, including linen and china. Most surprising of all in a 26' 9" craft of barely 2-foot draft, it contains a roomy lavatory and a galley complete even to ice-box!

Make sure you get full details of this new A. C. F. Write us *today* for booklet C.

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A.C.F. New York Salon: 213 W. 57th St.

BOSTON—Noyes Marine Sales Co., 1037 Commonwealth Avenue. DETROIT—A. C. F. Salon, 500 E. Jefferson Avenue. CLEVELAND—N. J. Shea, 1424 Lauderdale Avenue, Lakewood. SAN FRANCISCO—S. C. Kyle, 427 Rialto Building. CHICAGO—Ward A. Robinson, 58 E. Washington Street. WILMINGTON, DEL.—American Car and Foundry Company.

a.c.f.

cruisers

"If the cougher in the 4th row will come to the stage door... *there's a carton of Old Golds waiting for him!*"

"Of course, I've never said the above! But how I've been tempted to! It isn't good cricket to publicly embarrass a cougher. He isn't barking on purpose. He needs quiet, friendly counsel. He should, in confidence, be told to smoke OLD GOLDS. For, from my own experience with this smooth and throat-easy cigarette, I don't believe there's a cough in a capacity house-ful of them."

(SIGNED)

W. C. Fields

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD Cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows . . . Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant . . . Aged and mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

W. C. FIELDS
Comedian Extraordinary featured in the newest edition of the "Vanities."

On *Your Radio* . . . OLD GOLD PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR . . . Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, and his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over entire network of Columbia Broadcasting System.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, *and enjoy both!*

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"New Yorks very best"

The Madison

Hotel and Restaurant

MADISON AVENUE AT FIFTY EIGHT STREET·NEW YORK CITY

CABLE ADDRESS "MADISOTEL"

THEODORE TITZE MANAGING DIRECTOR

an crack them as hard as Pool does; e uses the corner drop with all Iselin's subtlety, and at the same time he puts up a defence that tries his opponent's patience to its limit. New York has seen some excellent squash racquets since the visit of Captain Robarts and W. D. McPherson in 1924, and of Captain Cazalet in 1927, but never before has it enjoyed the privilege of seeing at one time three such players. —A. D.

•

A LADY WEARING PEARLS ATTENDS A CONCERT

With slender, restless hands she twirls
Her string of large and creamy pearls,
If she had known that it was Bach
Tonight! And not a watch or clock
In sight. Her telephone may now
Be ringing futilely—somehow
She felt that he would call tonight—
She twists and turns her pearls in tight
Tense loops and rigid figure eights,
Mechanically she concentrates
On things of little consequence—
On pearls and their significance,
Remembering with wistfulness
Zuleika Dobson's famed success
With one pearl earring gleaming pink,
The other white. She tries to think
About a tale she read somewhere—
How Cleopatra dropped a rare
And priceless pearl in deep red wine
When mighty Caesar came to dine,
Or was it Antony? Her mind
Must stay on matters of this kind—
The music storms about her head,
Her pearls grow taut upon their thread,
Another twist—they break and pour
Like frozen tears upon the floor.

—RUTH BROWN

•

NEW HAVEN, CONN., Jan. 25 (U.P.)—"Can't you join us at Miami?" read a telegram which John Coolidge, the President's son, received from his fiancee, Miss Florence Trumbull, who is vacationing in Florida with her parents, Governor and Mrs. John H. Trumbull of Connecticut. "There isn't a chance to get away," that earnest young railway clerk said today. "I have too much work to do here to be taking a vacation in Florida." —*Bridgeport (Conn.) Times Star, Friday evening.*

MIAMI BEACH, FLA., Jan. 25.—Governor and Mrs. John H. Trumbull, of Connecticut, their daughter, Miss Florence Trumbull, and her fiance, Mr. John Coolidge, son of the President and Mrs. Coolidge, arrived today at the King Cole Hotel. — *Herald Tribune, Saturday morning.*

Ah, there, railway clerk!

Dorothy Gray

THE BEAUTY
THAT IS AGELESS
HAS KNOWN
UNCEASING CARE

Beauty need not be fleeting. If you will give your skin a little care—faithful, daily care—its youth will last for long, long years.

The lines that deepen into wrinkles at the corners of a woman's eyes and mouth are caused primarily by a sluggish circulation, and by the drying effects of exposure. And so if you would keep your face smooth and lineless you must keep your circulation healthy, and you must give your skin suitable lubrication, and protection from exposure.

The simple, scientific treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved are remarkably successful because they are based on the stimulation of the circulation, combined with cleansing, lubrication and protection exactly suited to the needs of the individual skin.

These treatments are given at the Dorothy Gray salon, 683 Fifth Avenue. Here, and at leading shops everywhere, you may obtain the Dorothy Gray preparations for your home use.

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

(Fifth Avenue and 54th Street)

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

Chief officer

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer,
who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. *America*"

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Harry Manning says:

"Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky—'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a 'Lucky' with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

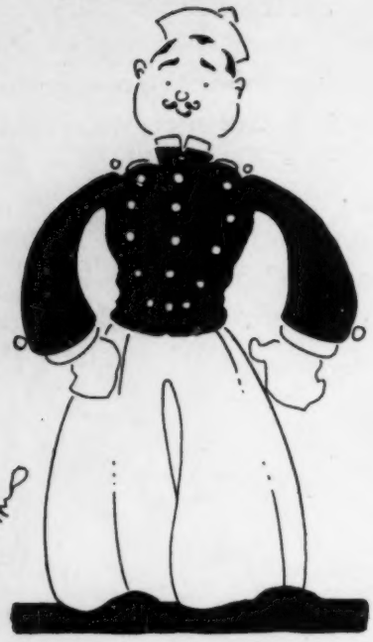
H Manning

Harry Manning,
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism was appointed Acting Captain, "S. S. America"

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co.
Manufacturers

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

HOBBY·HORSE·RACES
VALUABLE PURSES, RING-TOSS TOURNAMENTS
$100.00 PRIZE, LADY HIGH-BIKE RIDER
MOUSTACHE CUPS, BROWN DERBIES
EDDIE & CHARLIE, OF COURSE
AND



HARRY WELCH
THE ONE-MAN WONDER
AT THE
COUNTY FAIR
54·EAST·9th
DINNER & SUPPER CLUB FOR SMART NEW YORKERS
RESERVATIONS
from
CHARLIE
STUYVESANT
9290

TABLE FC

At Least Some Ol Nigh

IF this hasn't been a high-hat, pearl-studded, oh-did-I-get-powder-all-over-your-nice-black-sleeve whirl that I have been having, in a big public way, I do want to look into the wan and weary eyes of the boy or girl who can better it. I have hied me forth to the Midnight Frolic, the Lido, the Montmartre, the New Venice, the Heigh-Ho, the Club Richman, and the Rendezvous, not to mention Barney's, which is so much like home, folks, that I can't view it with an unprejudiced eye any more. I have learned to kick about tables that permit a draft upon my low décolletage, and I can identify Schuyler Parsons, Clifton Webb, Otto Kahn, Walter Wanger, and Ray Goetz through a lorgnette without resorting to my natural eyesight. I have Been Around.

However, not much sense of adventure was involved, for most of the places mentioned above are staple products that attract their own peculiar clientele season in and season out, the choice for outsiders resting with either the entertainment or the presence of people to wave or stare at. I seem to be settling down.

One conclusion I have come to—in an age in which good dance orchestras that are amusing and rhythmic are no particular novelty: that Emil Coleman's orchestra at the Montmartre and Pancho's at the Embassy Club stand out by virtue of their ability to make you want to get out on the floor and take up your dancing where you left it off long ago. You have fun dancing to these two orchestras, even with a partner who tramples on your tootsies. Ernie Holst, who is also gifted in this way, is snubbing New York in favor of the sun-tanned idle rich who cavort at the Colony Club in Palm Beach, so he will not be mentioned.

TO resume: For the civilized, gay, country-clubbish crowd, the Montmartre still reigns. After all, it is cheery to see Emil Coleman's head bobbing up and down at his piano and beaming on all the world, and to watch that bothered expression come over Charlie's face as he abandons pleasant chit-chat at the doorway to let a head waiter deal with the butter-and-egg

ABLE FOR TWO

t Some Of Night Clubs Never Die

man approaching his sanctum. To make things even more charming, George Murphy and Juliette Johnson are cavorting in that carefree ballroom manner that, together with youth and beauty, has endeared them to all.

Beatrice Lillie is at the Lido, as you must know if you go around town at all, and is singing for the edification of her devoted admirers such Lillie classics as "Snoops, the Lawyer," "You Must All Be Very Kaind to Aunty Jessie," and "A Baby's Best Pal Is His Mother." Sundry halfwits (they stray into night clubs now and then) usually insist on her singing "World Weary," which is a nice song on the stage, but my idea is that it should stay there. I also learn that several killing new skits will be in her repertoire by the time you read this. Moss and Fontana, still miracles of grace and coöperation, are dancing here as a refained touch, and the crowd is very dressed up, very chic, and dances on a packed floor with the minimum of bumping—a sure sign of aristocracy.

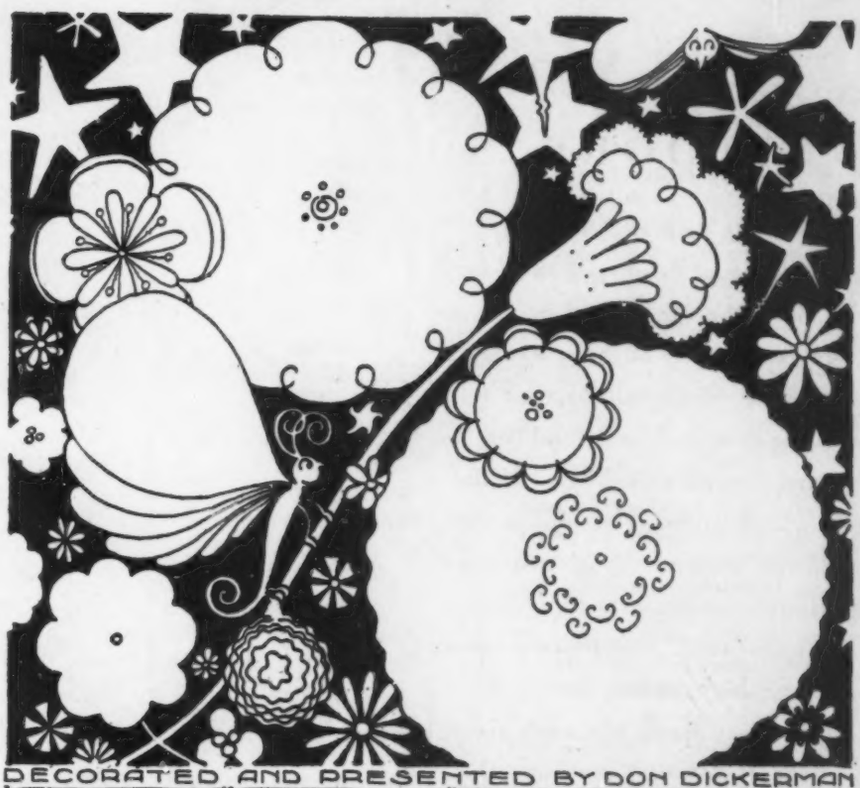
AT the Club Richman, which is very dressy Broadway, the Commanders orchestra still is in charge of the proceedings, both for dancing and for casual entertainment now and then. To hear Phil Saxe do justice by "Let's Do It" is almost worth the couvert alone. Irene Bordoni is performing also, but it was my tough luck that she was ill on the night of my haphazard attendance. The big wow then, and you won't believe me if I tell you, was Russians. I haven't heard of Russian entertainers being taken seriously in a night club for years and years, but these two men and a gorgeous red-headed Russian woman, singing and twanging guitars, were being cheered. Honest. The rest of the floor show would be nice enough if only the master of ceremonies could be changed into Jack Buchanan. It is my peculiarity, but I find chatty and clever Englishmen who take you into their confidence very trying.

IT appears that when Mr. Ziegfeld went and saw his handsome New Amsterdam Roof, he snorted a typical Ziegfeld snort and put carpenters to work carting out the stage and making a bower for Mr. Paul Whiteman and his orchestra in its place. The bower

"HEIGH-HO"

THE OLD LIDO OF VENICE

35 EAST 53 d.



DECORATED AND PRESENTED BY DON DICKERMAN

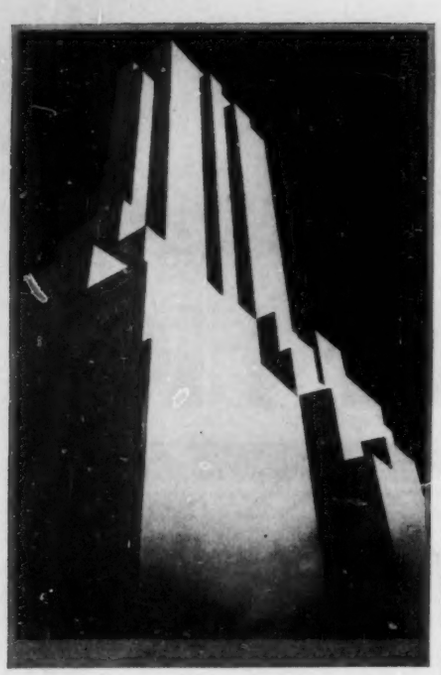
FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE FINE DANCE-MUSIC THAT IS FINE MUSIC AS WELL

EDDIE DAVIS

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

FAMOUS AT the CLUB ROYAL, LIDO, SIXTY CLUB, AND CANOE-PLACE INN

REGENT 0550 WICKERSHAM 8585 REGENT 0569



SKY
FLOORS

Up——Up to realms of blue . . . here are *aerial business homes* that rise above the world of business . . . from the windows of these sky-floors you see all Manhattan at your feet with the shores of Jersey and Brooklyn and beyond veiled in a drifting mist. . . . Business mansions . . . terraced and turreted . . . high above the swirl and clangor of the metropolis . . . sky-floors . . . for business men who are high above the average. Only five sky floors left, each about 4700 sq. ft., await your inspection.

▼

LEFCOURT NATIONAL BUILDING

On the Avenue's Historic Corner

Fifth Ave. at 43rd

is deep, deep blue, with grayish wisps of trees against it, and Mr. Whiteman's orchestra looks lovely there. In fact, the whole place is lovely, and inanimate. Maybe people are too impressed to enjoy themselves. Maybe, in these days of modern women, men can't seem to feel devilish puncturing the balloons on a chorus girl's costume with a cigarette. Maybe the day of the big dazzling night club is over. Maybe it's ole Cunnel Prohibition. Whatever the reason, even Helen Morgan, who is marvellous in a small, dim, crowded, smoky place, doesn't seem terribly exciting. Only the adagio dancers (formerly at the Club Richman) manage to stand out in the dazzling setting. These are the ones that frighten you almost to death, what with hurling an innocent girl through the air like a handball and catching her one inch from the floor by the lobe of her ear, and they are apparently thinking up new ways to make you nervous all the time.

Maurice Chevalier, the idol of France, arrived to star here after I had compiled this weighty paragraph, and I am hoping that he will be the one to help Paul Whiteman give the place some verve.

HERE AND THERE AND ROUNDABOUT: At the Heigh-Ho, Eddie Davis and his orchestra are supplying dance music, at dinner and supper, that is smooth, stimulating for dancing, and at the same time not too insistent for dinner conversation. The chef here is still dandy. . . . The Chateau Madrid, in West Fifty-fourth Street, harbors Tommy Lyman to sing sed sonks and Jack White to clown, to the delight of Broadway at its Broadwayest. . . . Larry Siry is back at the Ambassador, with a hey nonny nonny. . . . Rudy Vallée and his band are at 10 East Sixtieth, and doting débutantes have been glimpsed hastening thither in hordes, with Yale, Princeton, Rutgers, and other intellectuals in tow. . . . I found myself finding a Philosophy in some of the cockeyed maniac antics of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, at the Rendezvous. If I, or anyone else, ever breaks into print hereafter with a discovery of the tragic note underlying true comedy, the breaking heart beneath the clown exterior, or the Artistry of It All, I want people to do something drastic about it. I do want to go on thinking that there isn't any deep Meaning to anything they do.

—LIPSTICK

If you like to live outdoors, and enjoy active sports, you will need one of Charles Walnut's hand-knit suits.

The two-piece silk suit above will be made to order in any combination of colors; it is very smart for your ocean cruise.

The suit is priced at sixty-five dollars. Turban . . . . fifteen dollars. Hand-blocked silk scarf . eight dollars.

CHARLES WALNUT

72 West 50th Street . . . New York

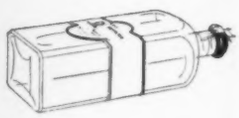
Telephone: Circle 0657

Madame Poulouektoff, Manager

New York Philadelphia

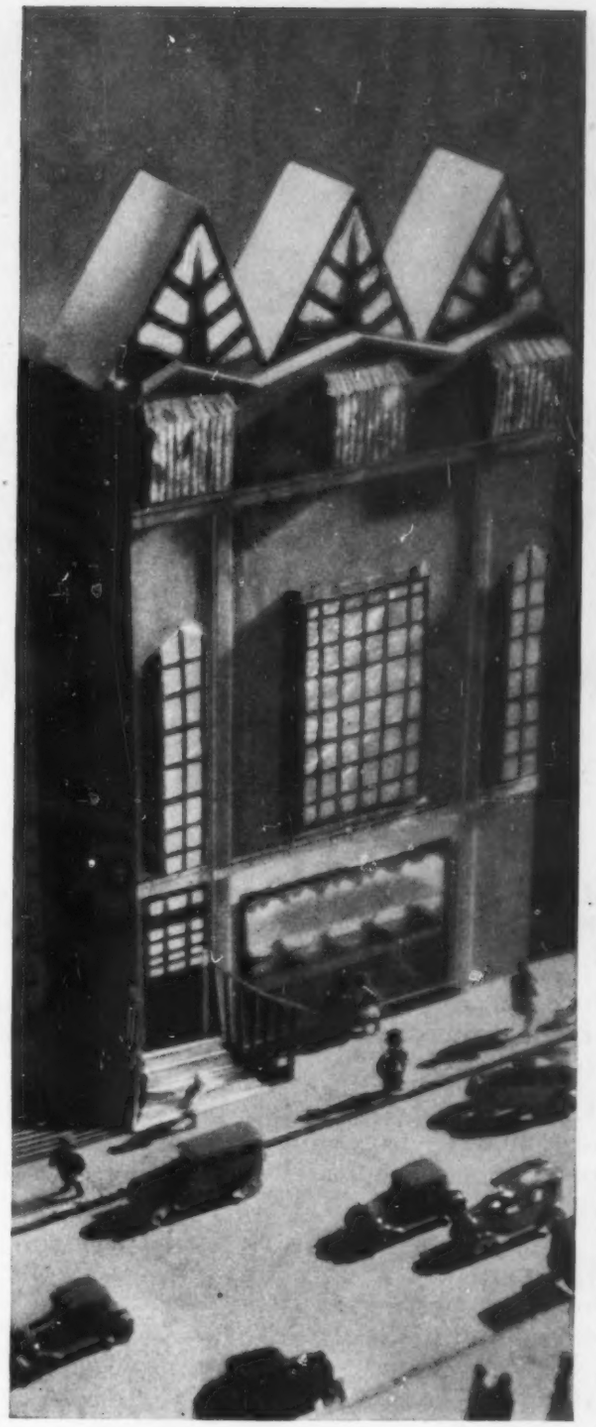
IT CLINGS — This downy Chiffon Powder from Primrose House has captured the fancy of our smartest women. Delicately shaded to match any complexion, it comes in: white, natural, brunette, beige, bisque and orchid. Sifted through silk, it is impalpably fine and clinging. In the adorable round box, $1.00.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES — Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from $1.00.



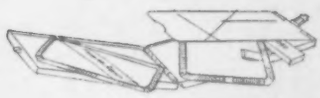
REFRESH THYSELF—To tone the skin and freshen the spirit after an arduous day, nothing is quite so grateful as Primrose House Skin Freshener. Reminiscent of roses, it is the most soothing of all the lotions and should always be used after cleansing. Sizes from $1.25.

THE BLUSH MODERNE—Too little has been said in praise of our Pomegranate Cream Rouge. In this day when make-up must not betray itself, it is an arch conspirator for the cheeks and incomparable for the lips. Exquisite in consistency and uniform it its tone, it may be had in light, medium or dark at $1.00.



TO know the luxury of Primrose House Preparations is to understand why Primrose House Salon is the rendezvous for the smart set in New York. You are invited to call at this "House of Youth" for a free consultation on your complexion. We will gladly arrange an appointment. Phone Plaza 5347.
Primrose House, 3 East 52nd Street, New York.

AN UNUSUALLY RICH CREAM — To nourish and recondition skin which has a tendency to lines and wrinkles, too much cannot be said for Primrose House Developing-Nourishing Cream. In reality it is a skin food which works miracles in improving the contours of face, neck, arms and shoulders. Three sizes from $1.50.



TO APPEASE HER VANITY — Made of brushed silver and etched in black, this new Primrose House Triple Vanity is the most swagger of them all. With hinged metal mirror and bearing rouge, powder and lipstick, all replaceable, it awaits you at $2.00.

TRIAL MARRIAGE AT $1.00 — To acquaint the uninitiated with the delights of Primrose House we have assembled six of these necessities into a gay box and priced the ensemble at the ridiculously small sum of $1.00. For week-ends, for yourself or your guests or for a bridge prize—it is just right. For sale wherever Primrose House Preparations are sold or mailed direct when you send the coupon.

SEND THIS COUPON

PRIMROSE HOUSE, INC.
Dept. 1129
3 East 52nd Street, New York City

Please send me your special Introductory Box of Primrose House preparations. I enclose $1.00.

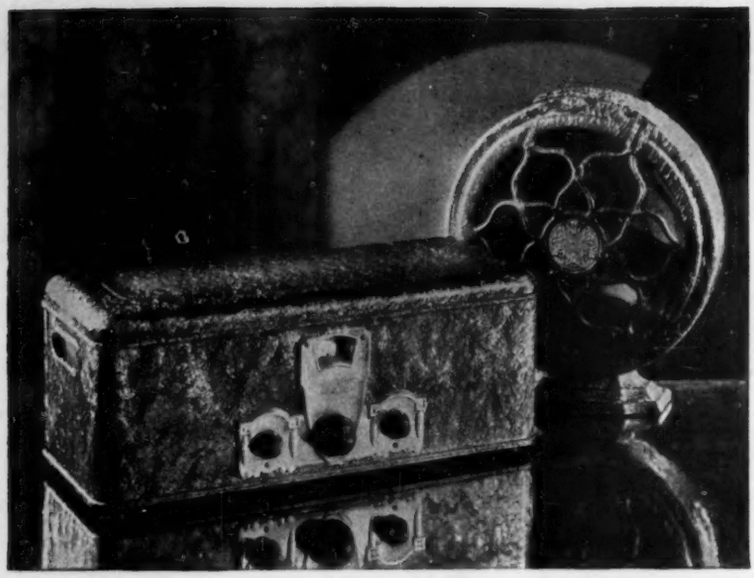
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"



THIS WONDERFUL NEW RADIO

$6500.

Modern New Yorkers will be much enthused over the opportunity to buy this fine radio at such a price.

To own this marvelous piece of apparatus at this marvelous price lends eclat to the chicest of the chic.

It is so satisfying to be able to carelessly—but clearly—mention to your friends during the course of the conversation—this marvelous price.

. . . . sixty-five HUNDRED dollars? Hellsbellsno! SIXTY-FIVE dollars! *(Blame the printer for that misplaced decimal.)*

THE CROSLEY AC ELECTRIC GEMBOX

$65.00

without tubes

operates Crosley Dynacone Electro Magnetic Power Speaker $25

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP., POWEL CROSLEY, JR., PRES., CINCINNATI, OHIO: OWNERS OF WLW—THE NATION'S STATION

ON THE AIR

Imagination by Long Distance—Impromptu

THE radio has made two timid experiments recently, both of which seemed to this department far more interesting and exciting than any of the commercial programs. The National Broadcasting Company made a brave attempt at re-broadcasting the music of the London Symphony Orchestra from Queen's Hall and succeeded in coaxing a section of Rachmaninoff's E Minor Symphony across the Atlantic. The General Electric Company of Schenectady did its share for science by sending the image of the rugged features of D. W. Griffith across the country to California.

Right now, we might just as well warn you that we have a weakness for radio experiments, whether the trick works or not. Better a rough attempt at transatlantic broadcasting than a hundred movie theme songs perfectly transmitted from the local studio. We long to be dazzled, and our chief complaint about radio broadcasting is that instead of giving us the miracles that are within its power, it hands out lectures on the correct care of the teeth.

THE feat of hurling the London concert across the Atlantic would hardly satisfy those literal souls who really wanted to hear the Rachmaninoff Symphony. There were crashes and booms that Mr. Rachmaninoff never wrote in the score. Nevertheless, there was a real thrill in the dim voice of the announcer telling the ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience that this was London speaking.

We won't go into the technical side of the feat, beyond remarking that the concert was transmitted on a short wave-length and then re-broadcast. Several years ago, before commercialism ruled the air waves, the American stations had a chummy custom of signing off for three nights during the winter so that pioneers could fish around for European stations. Not one person out of a hundred got so much as a whistle, but it was fun. With the improved receiving sets, we are fool enough to believe that it would be possible to get Europe direct on one of these clear, cold nights

ESSE QUAM VIDERI
ESTABLISHED 1886

Kashmir Coats

FOR INTERNATIONAL TRAVELERS & SPORTSMEN

Kashmir, favored by gentlemen who travel, & by sportsmen for winter resort and country wear, is presented by us in coats of notable distinction

Double-breasted Polo model, half-belted, with a one piece edge and deep silk serge yoke, tailored by Hickey-Freeman with the utmost consideration for character and finish

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Outfitters to Gentlemen · Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK

CLUB PLAZA

At the Hotel Plaza

direction of h. scott paton

•

DICK GASPARRE
and his
Club Plaza Orchestra

•

Tonight!! and the many glorious nights that will follow
DON HOWARD
Popular Lyric Baritone
will sing entrancing melodies at the Club Plaza

•

TEA DANCES
4:15 to 6:15 P. M.

•

SUPPER DANCES
starting 10:30 P. M.

LISTEN...
in on Club Plaza Orchestra
WABC
Wednesday and Friday,
10.30 to 11 p. m.
Thursday,
Tea Dance,
5.45 to 6.15 p. m.

FOR RESERVATIONS TELEPHONE PLAZA 1740

Membership cards have been mailed to a selected list....They may also be secured upon application to the secretary of Club Plaza.

Don't Envy the Modern Venus

Your body can be scientifically slenderized or developed; your face made smooth and firm regardless of age.

Miss Dork's personal supervision insures lasting results.

GYMNASTICS
SCIENTIFIC REDUCTION of BODY, BUST and CHINS
FACE-LIFTING without SURGERY

Marjorie Dork

(19 Years of Success as a Face and Form Specialist)

10 East 49th Street - - - - - Murray Hill 0545

(Ask for Booklet "N")

if the local boys would agree to shut up for a few hours. However, enough of these visions and dreams.

THE General Electric couldn't have picked a better face than D. W. Griffith's to send to California by television. It proves that science has its romantic moments. So far, television is limited mostly to closeups, and it was Mr. Griffith who invented closeups in the movies.

Of course on your set and my set, his portrait sounded like nothing but a wireless message or a very long telegram, but if you have any imagination at all, you can have a fine time speculating on a process so advanced that it can reduce the human face to a series of dots and dashes.

SINCE we have gone into so many horrid technicalities, we might as well mention a few more broadcasting tricks. The larger studios, for instance, take no chances with amateur speakers. Mr. So-and-So, the celebrated what-not, doesn't just drop in for an informal little chat with his dear public. Mr. So-and-So's appearance is carefully charted and announced in advance, his speech is prepared and submitted for approval, and his impromptu remarks are not only typewritten but also are timed to fit in with the rest of the program.

The speeches of novices are written out in large type and placed at such a strategic position over the microphone that the victim has to lift his head and raise his voice out of his throat. This neat little device was invented to keep newcomers on the air from swallowing their tongues from sheer fright. The broadcasting systems will deny that there is any idea of censorship involved in the practice of asking speakers to submit their material, and they do allow considerable latitude of expression. It seems, however, that impromptu speakers and performers had a way of building up their courage against microphone fright and by the time they reached the studio the announcers in charge had a hard time to keep them from broadcasting personal grievances.

Only the larger systems are particular about the material that is sent into your innocent homes. The smaller local stations go in for anything from promoting stock issues to letting you in on night-club festivities that the authorities apparently overlooked. Don't buy any stock plugged by the radio without a long heart-to-heart talk with your broker. —A. S.

HATTIE CARNEGIE *presents a smart version of the* JACKET SUIT

One of the joys of the smart silk jacket suit sponsored by Hattie Carnegie is that it will go into the tub—and come out like new if Lux is used! Hattie Carnegie tested cleansing methods for the care of lingerie and stockings worn by her mannequins and insists on Lux! "We find with marvelous Lux these fine things stay new-looking *twice as long!*" says this famous couturière. Fashionable dressmakers and women everywhere have learned that their smart apparel retains that new look *so much longer* when Lux is used!

"horses of feather flock together"

said the clever cinema customer broadly speaking on broadway ballyhoos; and it's a horse on them, with many of 'em, for those who fan the films at other than

the paramount

where
speaks "the dummy," in paramount's talking picture of kids, kidnapping, and thank god, no ventriloquists.

and
on the stage is "harvest time" with the paramount stage band, so we shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

and
at the organ is jesse crawford coming in like a lamb, going out like a lion . . . and the wind's not march but applauses.

at the rivoli—
united artists

douglas fairbanks in "the iron mask" . . . and there's gold in that hard pan . . . not only for united artists, but for them as sees it.

at the rialto

is "the wolf of wall street" and long may we rave . . . for baclanova's the beauty and bancroft's the beast . . . and better than that there is no better.

comfortable and luxurious
these are
publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

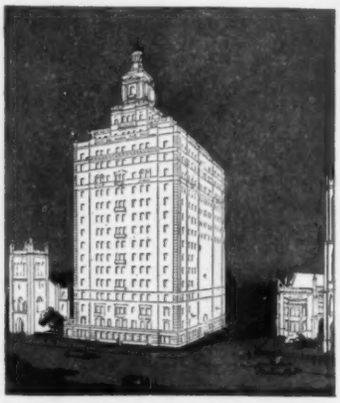
The Inevitable Faced

OUR occasional sullen comments anent the talking pictures are not destined to freeze the new art into silence. We know that. We know that our little antipathy and our longing for the old still days alienate us from the great world, and that we are just as much out of things as though we stood in Longacre Square and cried and cried because we couldn't find a horsecar. However, we are resigned and reasonable enough to acknowledge that the days of the silent picture are past, and that there will be no further big money-making pictures presented which are not talking pictures.

At the moment, the feature pictures on Broadway that are drawing the millions of people and their dollars are all talking pictures. The popular success of the season, "The Singing Fool," depends largely upon Jolson's rendering of his songs. If you don't want to be eccentric and an outcast, and not invited to parties because you have no conversation, you must see some of these leading films. There is "The Broadway Melody," which is starting with a big sendoff because of the dialogue. There is the Barthelmess picture, "Weary River," which we thought one of the terrible pictures of our experience—as did most of the critics, if we remember rightly—but which is evidently irresistible because its star for the first time speaks aloud to his public, and even sings. Indeed, much of its success depends upon the songs which its hero renders. The world has been charmed with the Barthelmess voice. Now, alas, we are told that what we heard was not his voice. It was someone else singing for him, a "ghost" singer. So quickly, so very readily, has this youthful art acquired the tricks of the trade!

THE other sensational successes are "The Doctor's Secret" and "The Wolf of Wall Street." "The Doctor's Secret" was held over a second week at the Paramount, which—it seems—is an enormously significant fact to those who know about such matters. Aside from the dialogue this happens to be a good picture, yet it is very doubtful

THE CORNER OF CORNERS



40 Fifth Avenue
Southwest corner of 11th Street

100% Cooperative

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DOESN'T it seem a pity to let this season's fun slip into the shadowy corners of memory?

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Perhaps there are toboggan parties. Perhaps you are skiing or skating or hiking on snow-shoes. Maybe your chief delight is a good old-fashioned sleigh-ride. And how easy it is to get enthusiastic about these sports when congenial friends enter into them with you. Probably a long while has passed since you enjoyed yourself so much.

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But the best of friends must separate and good times pass, never to return. Carry a Ciné-Kodak with you. Take movies of these happy moments. Then as long as you live this winter's high spots may be repeated as often as you wish. Your Kodascope will project them on your own silver screen as you sit in your own living room. Once you have taken Ciné-Kodak home movies, the days that you want to remember are impossible to forget.

Caught forever in a wonderful movie that you make yourself

No special skill is necessary. With the Ciné-Kodak, home movies are no more difficult than snapshots. You send your films to us for developing, the cost of which is included in the price you pay for them. Everything has been made easy. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple have now made home movie making equally simple for you.

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They have gone further. Today, another Eastman development — Kodacolor — enables you to make home movies in full color. With the Ciné-Kodak *f*.1.9, a filter and Kodacolor Film, you make the most beautiful *living* portraits of your family and friends. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

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When you see the *"France"*, the *"Paris"* or the *"Ile de France"* sailing grandly up the harbor past the Statue of Liberty or being warped into dock at Le Havre... you think in terms of tonnage and of knots per hour. ⁘ If you're an expert, you can add such things as radio direction-finders, gyro-compasses and gyro-pilots to your estimate . . . the latest, surest safeguards found at sea. ⁘ But... in the last analysis... the thing that counts is *men!* ⁘ Here are no novices . . . and none past age. ⁘ Here are the flower of Brittany and of Provence. ⁘ They were mere boys when they took service with the French Line on cargo boats, because the calling sea was in their blood since history began. ⁘ Now they have climbed... those steady, grave-eyed men . . . from ship to ship till they have reached the top... the three giants that together form the Weekly Express Service between New York, London and Paris... the *"De Grasse"* and *"Rochambeau"* for a leisurely cabin crossing... they have the pride of all who have attained. ⁘ Their honor is the ship's; your safety is their trust.

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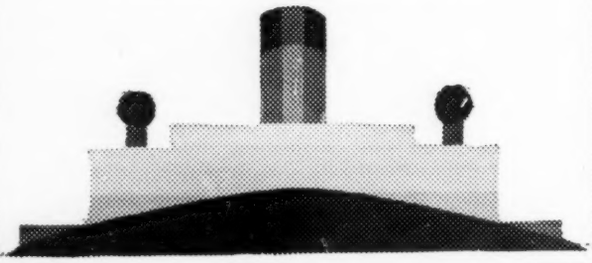

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if without the new mechanism either the excellent acting of Ruth Chatterton or the Barrie plot would have carried it to the heights of favor it has attained. The world at large wants to hear the movies, and as long as it can hear something, it doesn't care much what it is.

It is still our impression that the best piece of spoken dialogue in a long picture is the brief scene in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" when Lionel Barrymore quizzes Jimmy. Barrymore's trained and expert voice overcame the flaws of the mechanism, and reproduced naturally and pleasantly. If you are curious about the talkies and have not yet heard many, bear this in mind. It is not, in fact, with the mechanical devices that we are so out of patience, but with these unfortunate voices, and those generally unfortunate lines these voices utter. We shall be grateful for that day when the talkies are no longer a novelty and when the fact that a picture is a talkie no longer excuses all its drawbacks. Sullen though we be, however, we are looking forward to Jeanne Eagels' voice in "The Letter."

NEW pictures? There is "The Redeeming Sin," with Dolores Costello, and there is Douglas Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask," both talking away to the best of their powers . . . but it now develops that we have rambled at such length that we have no time for news, so we must wait for another week to give out our breathlessly attended verdicts.

—J. C. M.

•

PEERIE—Peekie is in hysterics, be Toney's little potsy, everybody loves you and all want you to come back. Please telephone.—*Aberdeen (S.C.) Gazette.*

Everything isn't hotsy totsy with Toney's little potsy.

•

After Which—

The Lady From Irvington

Interrogates?

"FREDDY," asked the lady from Irvington, "why don't you buy a greenhouse?" "Me?" I asked, startled and ungrammatic, "You know very well, that with the income tax, the personal property tax and what-not, I am drained."

"But think, Freddy, what it would mean to bring little flowers into the world! Over each one of them you could feel *so* paternal. And it would give you an *interest.*

"You know, Freddy", "Every one should have something outside of business, golf and common pleasures that requires thought and care. A greenhouse would keep you so contented, too. In the early autumn you would say: I must have Chrysanthemums for Thanksgiving. I must have Poinsettias for Christmas. February will find me sending my own Violets for Valentines. Easter I will have Lillies and little plants in pots to send to dear old Aunts.

"It would mean a big interest in your life, dear lad, and as far as cost goes, that's a mere detail, and you know it.

And think of the fun of sending the-all-of-us flowers that you've grown *yourself!* Each one will think, 'Freddy sends me flowers that he has grown himself. Think how touched we'll be.'"

To which and what aliow us to add, that "Greenhouses as We Know Them," unless we are too entirely wrong, contains just the information you seek.

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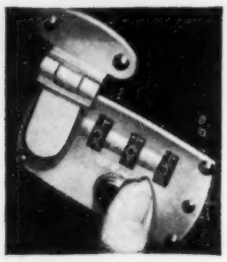
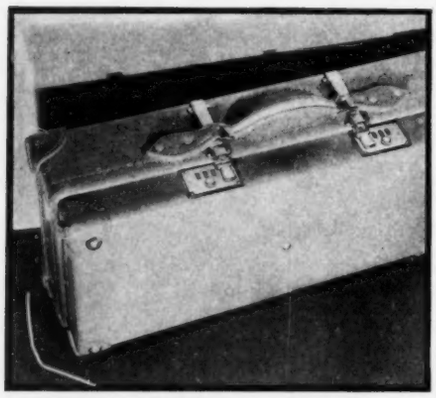
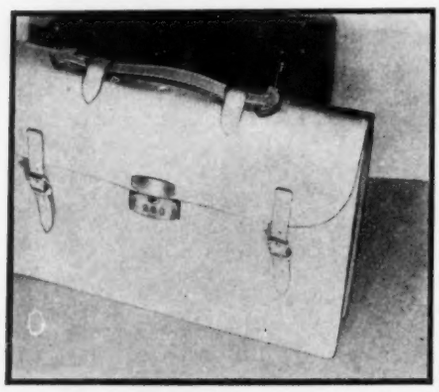


Throw your keys away (or keep them as reminders of the dark ages) and supply yourself with fine luggage equipped with Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key. Sesamee locks are opened by a flick of wheels to some unforgettable combination known only to the owner—based on a date or telephone number.



Revelation Suitcase **equipped with Sesamee locks, sold exclusively by Dale. This is the famous case which adjusts to 14 different sizes, fitting the contents perfectly, whether much or little. In a variety of fine leathers and all sizes. Of cowhide, in various lengths . . . $33.**



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Layman's Snobbery—Stall Walkers—Here and There

INDOOR POLO is kind to the lay onlooker; it usually gives him a chance to see something of every grade of play in a single evening. At the Squadron A Saturday nights, for instance, you can arrive at the start of a Class D or C and leave only after a Class A game —which is, of course, excellent for a study of polo or, for that matter, for a study of the spectators. If you are sitting in an ordinary section, you will see apathy and even boredom on their faces during the games between the beginners. When the high-goal players start and the pace increases, you will hear excited gasps. If, however, you are near the little group of players and officials that always gathers under the press stand on the north side, you will notice that most of its members are tense while the novices are in action, and relaxed when the veterans swing past. In other words, those who know consider slow beginners' polo the more dangerous to play.

THERE are obvious reasons for this. For one thing, when beginners are in action, there is a great deal of standing over the ball and milling about in one spot. It takes time to overcome the very human desire to stop and have another try when the first shot has been missed, but you will almost never see a high-goal player pull up in a play. If he misses, he goes on and leaves room for the others.

The best players, of course, also have far better control of their horses. The theory that a polo pony plays the game alone is a pretty one, but slightly unsound. A good pony naturally plays better than a poor one, but they all play as they are handled by the men on their backs. Low-goal polo often sees a fair player trying with little success to play on a horse too good for him. In a game held not long ago one man drew a mount he was unable to do anything with. The beast simply ignored the rest of the pack that night, and the unfortunate rider spent an entire period galloping up and down, now and then passing the game as he came

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What **BEAUTY** *has learned from the beast*

Compounded of dasypodine hormones, Amor Skin feeds youth into subcutaneous cells and removes wrinkles from the skin

SCIENCE has turned back Time and given to women new years of youth!

Dasypodine hormones—glandular secretions from a vital species of tortoise—have been found to feed new life into subcutaneous cells and banish all wrinkles from the skin.

Modern knowledge of these hormone substances and their youthifying effects has led to the perfection of Amor Skin. Amor Skin revitalizes because it meets and conquers the *cause* of the marks of time.

Hormone famine comes to everyone

It is a sad but inexorable law that Nature builds beauty only to destroy it. As early as twenty-five, youth begins to fade; Time to etch into the face. Scarcely perceptible at first, the lines grow deeper and more numerous with each passing year.

Hormone famine is the cause. At the age of twenty-five the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion begins to dwindle. Without this life-giving substance tissues break down. Under the skin, cells begin to die. Not enough new cells form to replace the old ones, and soon the tissue is composed more of dead cells than living. Dryness, dearth—set in. Faces sag, and on the surface of the skin wrinkles and crow's-feet appear.

Amor Skin feeds in youth hormones

Then it is that Amor Skin brings you new life. Right through outer layers of skin its youth hormones penetrate and enter the tissue cells beneath. Revitalization begins! Dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger—firmer—younger! They taut—shove up from beneath, and *push* the wrinkles out of the skin!

Amor Skin was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy.

Compounded originally at enormous cost, it was until recently available only to a few women of European nobility. Gladly they paid exorbitantly for its priceless boon of youth.

Now it is formulated on a slightly larger scale, and is being offered to a limited number of women in America.

Watch wrinkles fade and youth return

Avail yourself at once of this European discovery. It is sold in two formulae. Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

Its application is simplicity itself. Its success depends upon its daily use.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Do not, when you buy Amor Skin, expect overnight results. Slow starvation of the cells put those wrinkles and sags into your face. They will not disappear until life is returned to the cells by the youth hormones of Amor Skin.

But start Amor Skin treatments at once. Be faithful in your night-by-night application. Little by little the tissues will firm, the wrinkles will fade . . . Look now into your mirror! It is a flawless, fair face that shines back at you, radiant with glorious youth!

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

AMOR SKIN

OPOTERAPIA BERLIN

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abreast, but always to continue merrily on about his mad solitary business. A seven-goal player stood along the kneeboards, ready for the game which was to follow. Between winces, when it seemed the lone rider was sure to gallop into something, he watched the desperate man ride past teammates and opponents alike. "I should think," he remarked quietly, "he might at least wave to them."

MOST hard players feel that when you get hurt in fast polo, you at least have the consolation of knowing that whatever happened came of honest bad luck, not from over-anxious unripe play. It is not in every case, though, that this comforting philosophy will work. Polo is too exciting a sport not to have its occasional bad effects. There have been a good many promising players unable to rise to the top because they began "walking their stalls." Stall-walking is a difficult enough problem when it is only a horse that is affected. Then you usually have to make him rest and sleep a bit by putting a goat in his stall to keep him company, or by assigning a stable-hand whom he knows to what amounts to twenty-four-hour duty. When a man, however, begins walking the stall, there is little you can do. Sometimes he gets over it; sometimes he has to turn to another sport in the end. Occasionally it can be cured temporarily by rather odd means. Recently the second half of a game was held up for a man who couldn't go on without a drink of rye. The building was searched. Three bottles of Scotch and one of gin were brought back by a volunteer committee, but they wouldn't do. Finally, the victim's brother happened along, and fortunately had one drink left. Then, and only then, the second half finally got under way.

HERE AND THERE: There is going to be a show for polo ponies that play polo. . . . The first National Indoor Polo Pony Show will admit only ponies played in "tournament or match games." . . . Captain Gerhardt now owns an eight-goal handicap. . . . So far it is the only one given indoors. . . . If Harvard continues its present pace it will enter the open championship. . . . Tim Clark's younger brother is playing with him now for the Crimson. . . . And so is Evvy Gerry, who sailed through to the Waterbury championship last year.

—MARTINGALE

Two New Yorkers who know their theatre were speaking of ⋆Helen Hayes . .

"*There's* a name to conjure with—Helen Hayes. The night she opened in *Coquette* she walked straight into the genius column."

"She has beauty and grace and delicate humor, combined into a rare personality. Wistfulness and gay impudence—"

"In *Caesar and Cleopatra* and *What Every Woman Knows,* she was the subtle and charming comedienne. In *Coquette* she was that and more—a poignant tragedienne."

HELEN HAYES—like all actresses who are constantly in the spotlight, both off the stage and on—must be especially careful to guard the soft loveliness of her skin. She says enthusiastically: *"Lux Toilet Soap makes my skin so very soft and smooth. It's a delightful soap."*

⋆Helen Hayes is one of the many, many Broadway actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap. Like 9 out of 10 Hollywood screen stars, the famous stage stars are enthusiastic about the way this soap keeps their skin at its loveliest: soft and smooth as a flower-petal.

Because the actresses are devoted to this white, daintily fragrant soap, leading theatres throughout the country have placed it in their dressing rooms. In New York alone, 71 of the 79 legitimate theatres are using it—and in Hollywood every one of the great film studios has made it official for dressing rooms. Have you tried it yourself? You'll like it for the same reason that the actresses do. Lux Toilet Soap—luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢. Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT seems that this week, entirely by accident, this department has viewed—at every place visited—all kinds of accessories, bits of lingerie, and more or less useful knicknacks, which will perforce be the subject of my learned discourse. As a result we will all have a much-needed vacation from the strain of my enthusiasm for the new French millinery, though hats are still arriving and merit additional attention. And, before I launch into the handbags and things, there is a small fashion hunch that must be put on paper. Watch the green-blues, from grayish aquamarine to peacock. There is no particular reason for thinking they will be smart except that the cycle seems to demand it. If they are becoming to you, you can't possibly lose, even if I am all wrong in my prophecy.

And now to business:

TO me one of the most tempting places on the Avenue is the first floor of Lord & Taylor, as I have told you many times. Not having dared to pause very long before any one counter, with a whole five-dollar bill itching to be spent otherwise than on luncheon, I must give you the results of a whirlwind survey.

Handbags are always good here, and there are several innovations to be noted, besides the fact that Hermès and others are still ingenious about clasps and buttons and other oddities of closings. One is the very smart new vogue of the double strap-handle, from Lelong and Hermès. The most recent examples of this are of a soft English box calf, very tailored and simple and chic; but you also find bags of patent leather—in particular, one with a flat-bow closing. Some are bright, springlike tiny pouches of lizard, in greens and reds; others are of boroso, or sharkskin, usually made in flat envelope style with an insert motif in two contrasting colors as the only ornament. It is well, at least for devotees of the ensemble, to note that Lord & Taylor have a fascinating collection of squat French umbrellas, with modernistic handles in leathers to match almost any handbag in the place.

Other items of interest on the first floor: A rigid bracelet of black enamel, about a half-inch wide, very chic. . . . A bead choker of coral in its natural state, which has a moth-eaten look. . . . Earrings of all sorts, for those who remember that earrings, a couple of

bracelets, and no necklace are very smart (somebody find me another word!) just now. . . . A Callot wrap of satin, crêpe, or chiffon, a huge circle with two armholes, the eventual effect being a two-tiered casual wrap. . . . And belts of braided-silk cord with modernistic buckles. These stretch conveniently and are ornamental besides.

Then there are handkerchiefs: Big chiffon squares in every possible color, the newest wrinkle being a hand-painted monogram of your first name, which is put on the corner in almost no time at all and does not suggest the arty Russian. I cannot think of a gift that would delight a young girl more. You can have modern small-letter monograms painted on if your first name is, say, Clytemnestra.

BONWIT TELLER is also casting a loving eye on the vogue for handbags of box calf, and is showing a grand collection of very tailored flat bags in this leather. The best have severe gold-metal tops, many closing over a gold tab that turns to fasten them securely. And you will find box-calf bags with applications of contrasting leather upon them, which would be delightful to me if I hadn't seen the others. I also recommend a pigskin bag lined with chamois; Vionnet's black suede envelope that has four bright-colored leathers making the applied ornament; and a perfectly knockout bag of calf with a natural-wood top—modern and frightfully chic.

In jewelry, this shop is having a heyday with coral, principally that

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Newburg Neptune a la Guasti

Saute 1 cup sliced, cleaned mushrooms in ¼ cup butter; when cooked add 1 cup cooked, diced lobster meat, ½ cup whole cooked shrimp and ¼ cup cooked scallops; and 2 tablespoons of flour; mix 2 egg yolks with ¾ cup cream and stir lightly into mixture. Just before serving, season with 1 teaspoon lemon juice, dash of cayenne, speck of nutmeg and 2 tablespoons Guasti Cooking Sherry. Serves four.

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real ox-blood coral—which puts it outside the junk-jewelry price range. The most amusing is a Lelong necklace in the new length (this comes just below the deep "V" of your dress) made of bunches of those coral spikes you used to wear in early youth. It is graduated in size, being almost as big as a Hawaiian *lei* at the bottom. You can buy chokers, long ropes, or medium necklaces of real coral round or oblong beads, some of them carved with earrings to match. And, if you never liked coral anyway, even though it is "newly significant this year," look at twisted strands of faceted crystal beads in one or two colors. And at a divine Champcommunal evening choker with masses of tiny clouded-crystal and colored-glass beads massed like infinitesimal grapes between big clouded-crystal beads.

Also, the lingerie department is busy with the one-piece slip and pantie idea, a good sports item being a slip with bloomers attached beneath. Others have merely short panels front and back above the step-in part in a shadow-proof manner, and none of them has too practical a look.

There is a collection of blouses at Bonwit Teller in the finest flat crêpe, so beautifully tailored that, as is too seldom the case with separate blouses, you can remove the jacket without shame. The best of these are in off-white and pale beige colorings.

Sportswomen should rush up and look at an exclusive collection of English tweed two-piece costumes, some combined with natural jersey in lacy knit renditions, some having tweed jumpers. They are to be found nowhere else, and are the best type for the country.

SHOCKINGLY enough, it was only a day or so ago that I glimpsed Best's spring Nada things, which, I am delighted to report, follow their unerring policy of wearableness, youthfulness, and style at small cost. There is, for instance, a suit of imported tweed with a light jersey jumper that I crave. Or you might select one of wool crêpe with a checked crêpe blouse (this last particularly smart in brown and white). The inevitable tweed coat appears this year in a grand mottled checked imported fabric, with a crêpe scarf attached inside the tailored collar. There is a charming one-piece flat crêpe dress in plain colors or in crêpe with a splotchy design printed in contrasting color. This has a slightly circular skirt, a

simple "V" collar, and an arrangement whereby two tabs tie in the centre front to give either a straight line or a suggestion of the princesse as you choose. The aquamarine colorings that I adore appear in this model, either in its entirety or supplying touches of color to a black version. And there is a splendid Nada golfing costume—a knitted one-piece dress, shirred in at the waistline and adorned with a wide patent-leather belt.

Since we started to talk about accessories and things in general, look at Best's princesse slips, very plain but intricately cut in the Vionnet manner to indicate the waistline. You should try these on before purchasing them, for I imagine alterations would be difficult. And, if you are interested in girdles, look at a narrow elastic one, cut up in front and coming in heavenly colors; price, $5. People who are addicted to bare-legged fashions receive tender attention here. You can find shorts of heavy rubber for reducing, elastic girdles with attachments fastening around the thighs so that they stay in place without garters, and still others with chemise straps. If your legs are thin enough to go without stockings, your hips ought to be thin enough to do without a girdle, but what Nature hath wrought in non-smokers is often out of drawing. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Informalities — Stray Hints for Worried People

AT 432 Madison Avenue, which is, in plain English, at Forty-ninth Street, there is a lingerie shop entitled Hazel Kolman. A lingerie shop in Madison Avenue is no particular novelty, but this one has several very distinctive features.

In the first place, all the designs are original, all the work is done by hand, and deliveries are made very quickly, rush orders of a simple type having been completed in twenty-four hours, though the shop does not encourage such breathlessness. In the second place, besides the lace-trimmed or tailored nightgowns and combinations and panties and other intimate articles of the conventional type, this shop has done utterly charming things with very simple pajama costumes, suitable either for sleeping, travelling, or

DOBBS

Presents the Pajama Ensemble

A marvelously versatile fashion, lending its colorful richness to beach or boudoir. The smarter pajama costumes, seen at the Riviera and Palm Beach, have extravagantly wide trousers, like the one sketched.

Created from soft crepe-back satin that clings and drapes so beautifully. In Nile, French blue, or black, with crepe folds in contrasting tones.

$35.00

FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

"A Garment is no finer than its Fabric"

Are YOU *Fabric-Wise?*

To the *Fabric-Wise* go the rewards of chic . . . that indefinable "something" that distinguishes the well-dressed woman; for it lurks in the *fabric* of her garments as well as in the smart simplicity of their lines.

The *Fabric-Wise* choose Haas Brothers' Silks.

By the yard at the better retail shops and in made-up garments

Haas Brothers Silks

Fifth Avenue New York

lounging. They carry out my pet theory that pajamas, because of their informal quality, should never be lace-trimmed, or batiked, or made elaborate in any way except for costume parties. These rely on contrasting pipings, on monograms on the pockets, on scalloping, odd collars, and charming color combinations for their effectiveness—to my mind, most successfully. You can, for instance, have white crêpe de Chine ones with contrasting piping and a coat in color, and order a couple of nightgowns in the same mood so that the coat can be made generally useful. You can order pajamas of soft blue Chinese damask, cut on simple oriental lines and adorned with flame piping for travelling.

Among the negligées, which are excellent—moire, very effective and newish; fine jersey lined with crêpe de Chine for warmth without unbecomingness; a satin dressing-gown with scalloped cape fastening around the wrists as an apology for sleeves; and a silver and gold lamé negligée, lined with flame chiffon and having trailing ends from knots at the wrists.

Another specialty of the place is making up simple panties of crêpe de Chine to match any frocks you choose —an idea that is becoming increasingly popular, as skirts for daytime continue short and life becomes increasingly informal.

SINCE, even at this depressing time of year, there are always people who go to hospitals and have birthdays and break loose with anniversaries which demand gifts, I will speak again of some new things to be found at Le Mouchoir, 757 Madison Avenue. You can buy practically anything here, from fountain pens to flippant handkerchiefs, of course, but you might also be interested in one of the following:

Breakfast trays, with a centre section that may be raised at a tilt for reading with the morning coffee. . . . Cocktail glasses set in one side of a tiny plate so that the caviar sandwich may have some other place than your lap to lie on (part of a handsome glass set with roosters on them). . . . Cocktail kits made up like steamer baskets and including fruit juices, shaker, squeezer, strainer, crackers, cigarettes, caviar, and glasses ($7.50). . . . Electric clocks that run three years before you have to renew the battery. . . . Black or green velvet-topped bridge tables which, they tell me, have been going like wildfire. You could hold

Spring IS JOYOUS AT BROADMOOR

COLOR—sunshine—scenery—sport—luxury—in Spring, more than ever, there is *always* "something to do" at The Broadmoor. Bright, new green on the plains and Rockies and (this is *very* important) on the thrilling golf course.

Invigorating swimming pool with all the accessories; splendid motors and horses; music; dancing; little theater; exclusive shops; luxurious resting-places; delicious Parisian meals; gymnasium; game courts; zoo; greenhouses; everything!

Fly out! A private free Broadmoor hangar and motor service at airport.

The BROADMOOR

COLORADO SPRINGS

HOME OF THE FAMOUS MANITOU SPARKLING WATERS

Spring and summer reservations now, here, or at:
The Ritz, New York;
23, Haymarket, London;
11 Rue de Castiglione, Paris.

them over a steaming bathtub, I imagine, when they have had their quota of highballs spilled on them; and they are delightful to touch.

This shop also has little silver identification tags, which are very popular with women who are always running off with someone else's fox fur after a bridge. They will be appreciated by the occasionally honest person who would like to return a silver fox to its owner if she only knew who that was. Those warm plaid steamer rugs that zip up, either in a long version to extend to your waist or in a short knee length, ideal for chilly motoring or for steamer crossings, are to be found here. Men like an engine-turned paper-cutter with a penknife concealed in the handle, and hostesses report that the Lalique smoke consumer (which swallows the fumes in a cigarette-smoking room) really works.

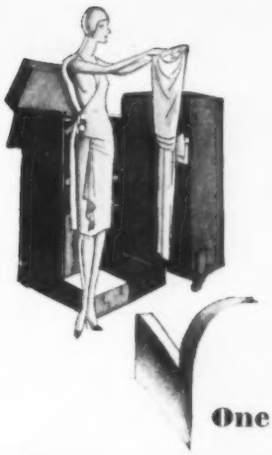
You really ought to go there with your problems.

LITTLE HOUSEWIVES DEPARTMENT: Try an art-gum eraser on that smootched chamois lining of your handbag. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Narrow Toes and Hollow Heels—A Thought for the Homeward Bound

NOVELTIES in shoes are scarce, and we find this encouraging. Lasts change very little from year to year because most men, having found one that suits, stick to it regardless of fashion. They know that smartness as well as comfort depends on perfect fitting. If you have difficulty with stock shoes, you might try French, Shriner & Urner, who will make them to your measure for as little as $18. The secret of the low price is that the shoes are made by machine instead of by hand, but they feel well on your feet and only an expert can tell the difference in their appearance. Besides getting a good fit, you can select your own leather and have just the kind of heel, just the shape of toe, just the amount of stitching and perforations you prefer. For town wear we suggest toes as narrow as comfort permits, heels that are rather small, and a



One is really surprised to discover that a wardrobe so downright practical as "the trunk that rolls open" can be, as well, a thing of surpassing beauty . . . the Wardrola is fitting environment for clothes of correctness. It is to be seen at most better shops and department stores.

Patented and Patents Pending

THE TRUNK THAT *ROLLS* OPEN

WHEARY *Wardrola*

Wheary Trunks and Airplane Luggage

Manufactured by Wheary Trunk Company, Racine, Wis. New York Branch and Display Room: 295 Fifth Ave., Textile Building. Wardrola and Airplane Luggage being shown at leading shops and department stores.

Burby FELT HATS $6.75

French replicas, hand-blocked and hand-made. Exclusive with Lanson. All fashionable colors and *all* headsizes.

Original French Hats $15

Personalized Service
Millinery Salon under supervision of Mr. A. W. Simon

Lanson
55 WEST 34th STREET
Opposite Hotel McAlpin

at the shoecraft salon
the new ombré oxford

***the* tweed suits that are to inaugurate spring on *fifth avenue*—as well as on the decks of departing steamers—will be accompanied by this *shoecraft* oxford, in shaded colors that take their cue from the beige or grey watersnake of the vamp. . . $24.50**

SHOECRAFT
SALON: 714 fifth ave
between 55th and 56th streets:
FITTING THE NARROW HEEL
SIZES 1 to 10, AAAA to D

minimum of stitching and perforations.

If you want to keep your shoes looking normal, you must put them on trees as soon as you take them off. Never delay; the minute the leather cools off it contracts, and the damage has been done. Ordinary trees seldom fit and are apt to do as much harm as good; special trees are more expensive but they are worth the difference. French, Shriner & Urner make them for $7.50.

This company, incidentally, has obtained the agency for Teitzel-Jones-Dehner riding boots and after March 4 will carry a full line of them, including cowboy boots with high heels and stitched kid tops (something for dude ranchers to keep in mind). Orders are taken for custom-made boots.

While we are on this subject we might as well remind returned expatriates that the shoes of Thomas, 5 St. James' Street, London, are being imported by Saks-Fifth Avenue. The assortment includes several styles for day, evening, and sports wear—all well-designed, hand-made, and having the look of sturdy honesty that we expect from the British. Wanamaker has gone farther afield and brought back some Italian oxfords whose special advantage is their unusually light weight, for they are made, by hand, from pliable leathers and have hollow heels.

TRIPLER is thoughtfully showing silk-and-wool undershirts to protect recent visitors to the South from the colds they are likely to catch when they return to our pleasant little climate. Made in Scotland by Elliott, these shirts have round necks, short sleeves, and come in white and in colors. Shorts of extra-heavy oxford cloth—white with narrow colored stripes—are shown with them.

In the same shop we saw some new polo coats of undyed llama wool, which will retain its color through any amount of cleanings. It comes in several shades, ranging from medium gray-brown to one almost white. The coats are long, loose, and lightweight; have a half belt, patch pockets, and pearl buttons; and cost $100. The muffler to wear with them is one of spun silk which looks like cotton rateen but is more comfortable against the skin. Absorbent, launders beautifully, comes in white, French blue, and canary; and costs only $2.50.

TIRED of having good suits ruined by their first trip to the cleaner,

we set out to find someone who could handle one without distorting it. Bernard Weatherill advised Richard Schmidt, 816 Lexington Avenue, saying that he could even perform the difficult feat of cleaning a pink hunting coat. We experimented and can recommend him with enthusiasm; he charges more than the ordinary cleaner but is worth it. Not only does he take accurate measurements of a suit when it comes to him, and mold it into its rightful shape while it is still damp, but he can do much to restore one that has been mistreated in former cleanings. The telephone number is Regent 3292.

HANDY contrivances called Carroll Utility Corners attracted our attention at Abercrombie & Fitch. They are enamelled steel trays with clamps by which they can be attached to card tables, desks, or the flat arms of chairs, keeping glasses and cigarettes conveniently at hand and still allowing a clear space for play or work. Among the novelties for which the first floor of this store is famous, we also noticed some doorstops in the form of miniature dogs of various breeds, painted in their natural colors, and equipped with a leather collar and a leash to hang over the knob. Companion pieces to these are some shoe-scrapers that are little rail fences with tiny iron dogs standing underneath.

At Altman we found a complete tool chest that folds compactly into a leather case measuring eight inches by eight inches. All the tools—screwdriver, chisel, corkscrew, etc.—fit into the same handle. Pliers, pincers, and a monkey-wrench are included.

Spalding has a combination seat-stick and umbrella—you can make up your mind whether you'd rather be tired or wet. If you think horseshoes are lucky you will be happy to know that this store has them in solid brass, made up as doorstops, knockers, book-ends, and ash receivers. —G. McC.

•

THAT AMERICAN SKETCHINESS

The need for jesters is far more urgent today than in the Mauve Decade, for, in America, the *fin de siècle* was an imp rted sensation—it arose from no world weariness, no sense of satiety; it was, indeed, a little ridiculous, like the atmosphere of an Amy Foote MacDougall place. (We believe those names are in the right order.)—*Beverley Nichols in The American Sketch.*

Indeed they *are* in the right order, Mr. Nichols. Let your mind be at rest.

Skin Beauty Sooner Than You Can Change A Frock

NO dozen steps to take: only one preparation to use: Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia. Pat Ambrosia over your face with a piece of cotton. No grease to get in your hair, nothing to wipe away. Your skin is instantly clean, tingling, alive, refreshed. Not for the moment only. To the end of the day powder clings subtly and evenly to the fine, firm texture of your skin.

Test out the quickness of Ambrosia—the radiant clearness it brings. Mail in the coupon. We will send you at once a Pocket Flacon of Ambrosia free—enough for sixteen days of loveliness.

Carry Ambrosia wherever you go. Its clear, refreshing odor is gone in a moment, leaving nothing to rob your perfume of its individual scent. Use Ambrosia at home—in your car—on the train—in town—whenever you wish to refresh your complexion at once. Then you will know Ambrosia's golden convenience and the tonic delight of its use.

Sunlit, liquid Ambrosia—the unique flat-backed bottle, perfectly shaped to the hand. At all the finer drug and department stores.

AMBRŌSIA

• A CLEANSER • A TONIC •
• A POWDER BASE •

HINZE AMBROSIA, INC.
New York

• • 16 DAYS OF LOVELINESS • •

HINZE AMBROSIA, Inc., Dept. 4
114 Fifth Avenue, New York City

For me a Pocket Flacon free.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

Seen at Reuben's

"WHOOPEE!" A Hot Toasted Cheese Sandwich! If you didn't shriek it for all the world to hear, EDDIE CANTOR, it

must have been due to the restraining glance of your charming Missus. Not that we blame you! We'd "fa' down and go boom" ourselves over the delights of melted, golden, savory cheese lavishly spread on toast, baked *en casserole*, with strips of crisp, fragrant bacon. Appetizing? Ummm! You picked a winner, Eddie! Better not tell the youngsters or you'll be totin' 'em all in to Reuben's one of these days!

* * *

ON the heels of her overwhelming triumph in the newest O'Neill opus "Dynamo", CLAUDETTE COLBERT

flashed in eagerly to verify a current rumor. You heard *right*. There's nothing in the world to compare with the rare delicacy of Stuffed Mushrooms in the Reuben Manner. Succulent, tender, fresh mushrooms, with a *gorgeous* stuffing of finely chopped, deliciously tempting chicken livers, snatched from the oven at the crucial baking point . . . a marvel of Our Chef's culinary genius! Come again—come often, Miss Colbert. As one artist to another, we like the way you received our little offering!

* * *

"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"—"An American In Paris"—? No, no! GEORGE GERSHWIN concentrates on a Reuben's

Rhapsody, giving a red-hot version of An American Epicure *At Home* in Reuben's. Yes, sir! *Ragout* of Beef Tenderloin *a la* Minute. That's the answer! Fine sliced tenderloin covered with tender fresh mushrooms and savory chopped onions, broiled for *just one minute*—no longer!—with a spicy cream gravy sauce. Oh mouth-watering concoction! Oh delectable creation! Did you ever before taste anything quite so tantalizingly, appetizingly delicious, Mr. Gershwin? Even in Paris? We pause for a reply.

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

SYMPHONY CONCERT

THE black georgette and imitation pearls. The reflection that while you don't know much about music you have a natural liking for the best. The arrival of your escort, who says with happy enthusiasm that you'll enjoy the program tonight because of Brahms. The vague murmur indicating that your feeling about Brahms lies too deep for words. The secret uneasiness because the only musical compositions you recognize without prompting are Dvořak's "Humoresque," the "Caprice Viennois," and the "Lohengrin Wedding March."

THE concert hall. The last year's evening clothes. The churchlike calm. The pious resignation. The doorkeeper who would be a success in any first-class undertaking establishment. The lady who says Herr Struwelpeter is such an inspiring conductor. The lady who says his technique is wonderful but he lacks soul.

The seats which seem rather far back. The explanations about acoustics and overtones. The furtive glance at the program which may be helpful. The romantic references to woodwinds. The cryptic mention of majors, minors, andante movements, strings, and brasses. The stage hung with the gloomier shades of gray. The tuning up, which as far as you are concerned might be one of Brahms' best efforts. The conductor. The bewildering harmonies. The ominous tickling. The choking. The strangling. The hideous, irresistible desire to cough.

The agonized struggle. The desperate concentration. The attempt to keep your mind on the music. On the woman in front of you who is pretending to pray. Or the woman beside you who looks like a rapturous hen about to swallow. The attempt to relieve the strain by coughing inaudibly. The results which are neither silent nor satisfactory. The slight rustle from your escort. The reproachful glances from the hen. The shocking convulsions of the woman two rows in front who is evidently suffering from suggestion and the prevailing winter cold.

The music which dies to an eloquent whisper. The self-conscious hush. The exquisite torture. The collapse. The surrender. The hearty, barking cough. The relief. The ecstasy. The in-

"Most little Pigs go to Market

But the Best little Pigs go to Jones"

to make

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE HAMS & BACON

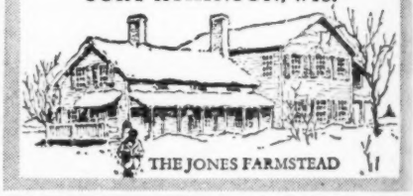
JONES Dairy Farm Products are GOOD, not only because of the choice young pork from which they are made, but also because of the painstaking care used in their making and the personal supervision given by the Jones Family.

Jones Dairy Farm Sausage . . . Choice cuts of young pork, pure spices, nothing else . . . Shipped fresh daily.

Jones Dairy Farm Hams and Bacon . . . Mildly cured and leisurely smoked with real hickory logs.

If your neighborhood dealer does not supply you write us. *We solicit direct inquiries.*

JONES DAIRY FARM
FORT ATKINSON, WIS.



THE JONES FARMSTEAD

The Gypsy Tea Shop

A REAL FORTUNE READ GRATIS FROM YOUR TEACUP

"Come in and Make a Wish"

SANDWICHES CAKE & TEA **75c** True Gypsy Atmosphere

Don't Miss Afternoon Tea Today

435 FIFTH AV. 2nd Floor, opp. Lord & Taylor's

40 W. 34TH ST. 2nd Floor, opp. Oppenheim Collins

Shops open daily & Sun., 11 a. m. to 8 p. m.

Tired of City Crowds?

Why not get away from them—weekends, at least? We know of a charming house that nestles, isolated in 6½ acres of woodland, near Sayville, L. I. An ideal retreat for artist or writer desiring quiet and beautiful surroundings. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2-car garage, caretaker's apartment. Price $25,000.

THE BURGOYNE HAMILTON COMPANY
16 East 52nd Street
Plaza 2563 New York City

ability to stop. The venomous glares. The appalling discovery that you are being answered from every side, crescendo, fortissimo, con molto expressione. The unspeakable anguish of your escort. The longing to escape. The merciful burst of legitimate applause.

The exhaustion. The sense of peace. The knowledge that your nose is red and that no lady would think of using powder in the middle of a Brahms symphony. The carefully assumed expression of Saint Cecilia listening to the heavenly choir. The meditation. The evening dress you plan to get next month and the final decision on rose instead of black.

The music which suddenly takes a turn for the better. The soaring ambitions. The delusions of grandeur. The feeling that life is poignantly sad and beautiful and that nobody else understands it. The prolonged clapping. The indiscriminate bowing. The withdrawal of the orchestra and the embarrassing discovery that this last bit was by Tschaikowsky. The conversation which is lofty but dim. The complete stranger who offers you a black and dangerous-looking coughdrop.

THE return of the orchestra. The program which reveals the fact that there are five more numbers. The soloist who can hit more keys per finger per minute than any living artist. The gavotte and the crick in your neck. The sonata and the unsuccessful struggle to make yourself swallow the coughdrop. The rhapsody and the frenzied applause.

The crowd. The wan cheerfulness. The sympathy from an acquaintance who was sitting near enough to notice that you had a cold. Your escort, who remarks that the soloist was very fine. Your considered and intelligent reply that his technique was wonderful but that he lacked soul.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

•

FOR SALE—16 rooms of high class furniture. Strictly modern. All outside rooms. Rooms all full and house paying well. High class bootlegging trade established. Good place for dance hall in connection. House has never been abated. Owner has never been knocked over by the federals. Owner says the house as run now clears over $500 per month. We have many others, large and small.—*Adv. in a Butte (Mont.) paper.*

Out where the handcuff's a little looser.

784
PARK AVENUE

CORNER 74th STREET

From TWO *points of view*
HERS ... *and* ... YOURS!

Beauty and Appointments For the Woman Who Buys!

7 to 14 rooms ... simplex or duplex ... some with roof terraces ... conservatories and loggias ... susceptible of any rearrangement while building ... enabling you to be the architect of your own space ... arbiter of your own ideas of homelikeness ... for 784 PARK AVENUE is worthy of the utmost talent in interior decoration ... it is not only a new arrival as a building, but a new departure in its architecture ... designed, built and appointed with the solicitude of a home!

Ownership and Economy For the Man Who Pays!

784 PARK AVENUE is a Limited Co-operative ... no rent and only nominal maintenance ... 5% annually applied to reduction of mortgages ... for an estimated period of 8 years only ... after that, maintenance charges to be absorbed by rentals from your tenants ... only a limited number of apartments are to be sold ... the remainder will be rented at prices to relieve you ultimately of maintenance assessments ... out of joint ownership of a few apartments emerges complete proprietorship of all!

Only Small Number of Apartments for Sale
Remaining Apartments to be Rented

ANNUAL CHARGES SOLELY FOR REDUCTION OF MORTGAGES
$1800 to $7350 FOR ABOUT 8 YEARS

MANAGING AGENT: BRETT & WYCKOFF

Selling and Renting Agent:

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.

15 East 49th Street : : Plaza 9200

Where the VIEW *begins*

YACHTS—steamers—schooners and tugs passing along park shores—disappearing through the span of Hellgate Bridge . . . the view from these apartments facing Carl Schurz Park.

Units of 4 to 9 rooms provide the best in modern comfort. The rooms are large, with big closets, foyers, many fireplaces, and fully equipped kitchens that include Frigidaires. Extra maids' rooms—even a gymnasium for use of the tenants. Also two maisonette studios with roof gardens and private entrances and addresses. Geo. B. Post & Sons, Architects; Rosario Candela, Consulting Architect; James Stewart & Co., Inc., Builder. A wide choice of apartments and prices—ready Summer 1929.

604 EAST 84th STREET

Overlooking Carl Schurz Park

Renting and Managing Agent:

14 EAST 47th STREET

BROWN, WHEELOCK, HARRIS, VOUGHT & CO., INC.

VANderbilt 0031

A group combining luxurious comfort and intimate charm from

Camden Shops Inc
872 madison ave newyork

Billy

THE OYSTERMAN, INC.

Oyster and Chop House

All kinds of sea food for the delectation of epicurean New Yorkers.

7-9-11 East 20th Street

Superfluous Hair

Removed by Multiple Electrolysis

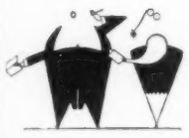
My method is enthusiastically endorsed by science, and I give you my expert personal and confidential attention.

Write for booklet. Satisfaction guaranteed. Consultation free.

MARY ELIZABETH SCOLLAN
1 West 34 St. Phone WIS. 7889
Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

THE ARGA

Pigment Tea L



THOSE who cast the future from the stray leaves in a teacup confine themselves to such mundane affairs as love and the rise and fall of stocks, but to include art would be a simple matter, and we set down here an unfailing formula—the more tea, the less art. This week our mail was filled with notices which read: "Tea at five;" but first we will consider some who managed to do without the benefit of a stimulant.

Leon Kroll held his show at the gallery of Frank K. M. Rehn last week. For a time, Kroll was one of the contenders for the Bellows mantle and there were those who thought he might take it away from Speicher. He painted academically, and if he had continued we imagine he could have filled half the galleries in the Mid-West; but Kroll went abroad and discontent got in his blood. He is now going through a discouraging period in which he has approached his job with one of those "if it's French they want, we'll give it to 'em" moods. So we get a mixed Sterne and Derain, and some traces of the old Kroll. We have no doubt that in three years he will have assimilated some of this strong stuff and will have arrived at a composite that will be commercially pleasing. In the meantime, however, he must learn a lot more about composition. The sketch, "Seinne at Courbevoie," we thought the best achievement in the exhibit.

ZORN, who perhaps brought art to the attention of more bachelors than any other one artist, is being shown at Knoedler's. The works of this etcher have been collected for so long that there is little to be said. Year by year his etchings grow scarcer and, we suppose, more valuable. Mr. Zorn was a gentleman who knew how to draw flesh, and the present exhibit shows the usual tight-skinned ladies intent on bathing.

THERE is still a day in which you can see the sculpture of Sandy Calder and the woodcuts of Howard Cook at Weyhe's Gallery. Calder is nothing for your grandmother but we imagine he will be the choice of your sons. He makes a mockery of the

ART GALLERIES

Pigment Tea Leaves

old-fashioned frozen-stone school of sculpture and comes nearer to life in his creations than do nine-tenths of the serious stone-cutters. Some of his wood elephants and tin animals are masterpieces of motion and balance, and his cow is a cow with all of her pathos left in.

Cook is one of the best of the contemporary wood-cutters. He has an amazing range of expression, running all the way from velvety etching effects to subtle, poetic woodcuts. He is a master of design and three-dimensional placing, and with his supreme technical facility couples a true artist's sense of mood.

NORBERT HEERMAN came to town after more fanfare and drums than anyone we can remember; his show at the Anderson Galleries was ushered in with tea and friends and soft lights. So far as painting is concerned, we would rather dwell on the tea and the cakes. There seems to have been no end of canvas at the disposal of the young man, and no one to stop him. His achievement, however, in having area and press agents, is something.

WE would like to call your attention to some events that space will not permit our covering: The Whitney Studio Gallery has a show of four—H. E. Schnakenberg, Charles Rosen, Dorothy Varian, and Hermon More. . . . The Howard Young Galleries are exhibiting the works of A. J. Munnings, much thought of in England. . . . Warren E. Cox, who writes long letters every week telling us that he loves art because he edited the Encyclopædia Britannica, has a show of Yarnall Abbott, who paints in tempera. . . . J. B. Neumann's new exhibit is of the work of Fega Blumberg, Gerrit Hondius, A. Rattner, and Jennings Tofel, who might be styled the "Unhappiness Boys". . . . The Arden Gallery has an exhibition of faïence gardens by Raoul Dufy, Nicolas Ma Rubio, and Professor Artigas. . . . The Downtown Gallery is showing recent paintings by Stefan Hirsch. . . . The drawings of Mahlon Blaine are on view at the Barbizon library. . . . Maud Miller Hoffmaster is showing at the Helen Hackett Gallery. . . . Macbeth has its annual show of thirty artists.

—M. P.

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OUR ADVANCED BRIDGE PROBLEMS—III

NORTH
♠—10-4
♡—8-5-3
◇—Q-10-8-5-2
♣—8-6-3

WEST	EAST
♠—A-K-Q-J-9-6	♠—5-3-2
♡—A-9-7-6	♡—0
◇—4-3	◇—K-J-9
♣—4	♣—A-K-J-9-7-5-2

SOUTH
♠—8-7
♡—K-Q-J-10-4-2
◇—A-7-6
♣—Q-10

NORTH and South have been getting most of the breaks during the evening, but East and West, somewhat to the surprise of the onlookers, have kept plugging away tenaciously until they are only three hundred or so points behind. By general agreement, it is the last rubber, and both sides have a leg on it. These are times that try men's souls.

Happy at the sight of eighty honors, South, who has dealt, bids one heart. Cautious old South! West feels, not without cause, that his time has come. He bids one spade, and slaps his cards face down on the table with a "happy warrior" air. North passes in depressed tones. East, however, ignores his partner's major-suit bid and makes it two clubs. "When I get a seven-card suit, I'm going to play it," he murmurs determinedly to himself.

Undaunted, South bids two hearts, West snaps back with a two-spades bid, North grunts—his customary way of passing—and East plunges ahead to three clubs, apparently oblivious of West's dire looks. Amid great tension, South bids three hearts, ready to do or die. West says, "Three spades," in a tone pregnant with meaning, at the same time bending a distinctly warning look upon his partner. North grunts again. East is on the point of bidding four clubs in spite of everything, but West's venomous glare is upon him, and he finally throws his cards on the table with a spiteful "Pass."

The bidding is getting pretty serious for South, but he still clings to the hope of saving his side's lead in points, so he bids four hearts, but not without inward misgivings. West comes back with a hearty four-spades bid, and it is up to North again. This time North

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thinks a moment. South has gone to four hearts unassisted, and the opponents have strength apparently in spades and clubs. South's side suit, then, must be diamonds, figures North, and he—North—is in a position to help out along that line. Besides, it is a crucial hand, and North remembers an example in a book on bridge in which just such an instance as this was cited as a case when overbidding was justifiable. Even if they were set two hundred points, reasons North, they would be ahead since West would doubtless go game in spades. So—"Five hearts," says North, and looks of surprise are practically unanimous on the faces of the others present. East shrugs and passes, South likewise passes, and West doubles, after balancing the possible points in making five spades against the almost certain points in setting the opposition. All then pass.

West leads his four of clubs, and a moan of anguish is evoked from South by the spreading of North's hand. East takes the trick with his ace, South throwing on his ten. East then leads his king of clubs, South's queen falls, and West discards a spade, which South, who is still muttering to himself, fails to notice. Again it is East's trick. He then leads his jack of clubs; South sighs with relief and trumps with his deuce of hearts, only to see West trump higher with his six of hearts. Number three for East and

•

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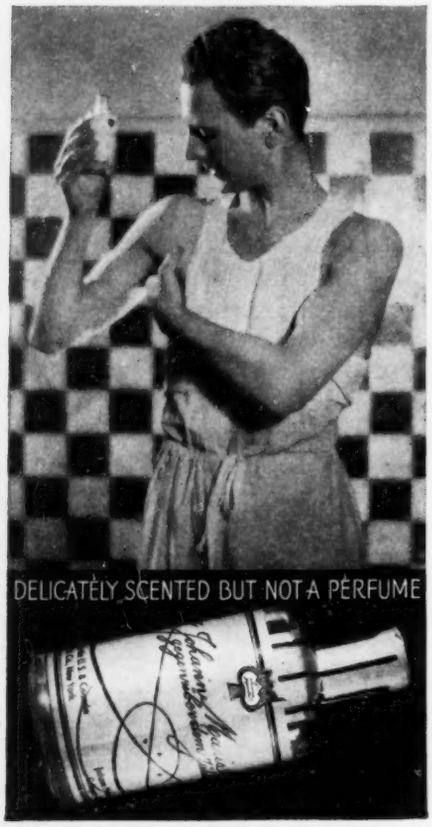

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West, and South is already down a hundred points.

West leads through strength with the three of diamonds. Hoping to finesse successfully, South plays the queen from dummy, but East covers with his king, and South is forced to use his ace to take the trick. Determined to set up some cards, South leads his king of hearts, West taking the trick with his ace. West then leads his last diamond, the four. The ten is played from dummy, and East takes the trick with his jack. East comes back with his nine of diamonds and snares another trick. South is down four hundred points and his moans are plainly audible.

East leads the deuce of spades, and West takes the trick with his ace, leading back his king of the same suit. This also is successful in adding another hundred points to his score. West tries another spade, without much hope, and South trumps in, taking the remaining tricks with his trumps.

NORTH and South are set six hundred points, with only eighty in honors to ease the pain. This puts East and West definitely in the lead, and after taking the next game in handy fashion, they congratulate each other warmly, having completely forgotten the mental daggers they had been hurling at each other during the heated bidding. North and South fail to say goodnight to each other, South resolving never to play with North again except as an opponent, and North in turn making a mental note never to take seriously any partner's bidding.

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

THE OPTIMIST

POP: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

JOHNNY: What is an optimist, pop?

•

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. 8 P.M.—"Jesus Christ not acting now as the Prince of Peace, need of the hour, not a pact of peace secured only by word of the signatories, but rather in time of peace to be prepared for war. The need of this country, a navy equal to England and Japan combined. Disarmament, national suicide. Pacifists, the real enemy of permanent peace. No abiding peace till Christ comes in righteousness; then will He be the Prince of Peace."—*Church notice in the Times.*

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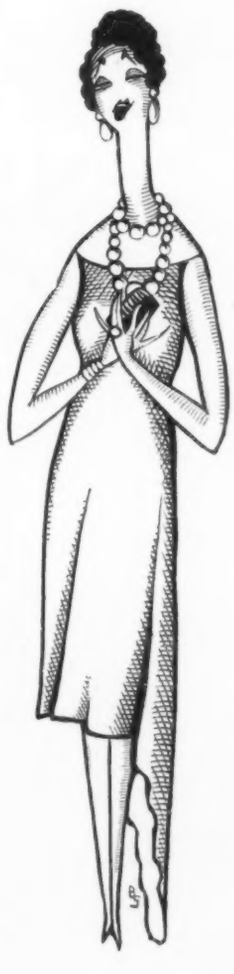
MUSICAL EVENTS

Novelties by Bach and Bizet at the Heckscher—Sunday Nights in Theatres—Mme. Walska

THAT enterprising troupe, the Little Theatre Opera Company of Brooklyn, which comes to the Heckscher Theatre for a week every now and then, has made its most ambitious effort so far with a double bill consisting of Bizet's "Djamileh" and the stage version of Bach's "Phoebus and Pan." The Little Theatre singers are an unpretentious group and there is no claim made, even by implication, that their performances challenge the Metropolitan. Opéra comique is their business and they stick to it—although "Phoebus and Pan" is opéra comique in form only. Some of the voices are excellent; others are rough, but still they do not bruise the ears. The orchestra is no Boston Symphony, although the conductor, William J. Reddick, achieves remarkable results. The chorus is amazingly good, and the stage settings are charming. In other words, if you don't expect too much for your money—and why should you?—there is much pleasure in store for you at the Heckscher this weekend.

"PHOEBUS AND PAN" is familiar as a cantata, and at least one air, "Patron, das Macht der Wind" has been the downfall of over-ambitious coloraturas for many a year. The Little Theatre version is modelled after a recent English production, and in spite of too much prankishness and gallivanting on the stage, the show is lively and will convince many listeners that Bach was not nearly so dull as he has been made by high-minded musicians. The English version by J. M. Diack is a masterly job, being far more distinguished than the original German text of Picander. Bach, for young singers, is a brutal test, and it cannot be said that there are any perfect scores registered by the young invaders from Brooklyn, but there is an easy spontaneity that redeems technical failures.

BIZET's "Djamileh" suffers from a silly book about one Haroun who dismissed his favorite slave, Djamileh, only to have her win him back by one of those disguises which fool no one except an operatic tenor. The translation of John Bennett is the usual thee-and-thouery except in the dialogue, when the characters are not so respectful. The opera is a trifle diffuse, and the interpolation of extraneous Indian music, however authentic, does not speed the action. Nevertheless, there are passages in which Bizet matches the best of "Carmen," especially the lovely theme associated with Djamileh. There are modulations that sound surprisingly up-to-date, and the composer has anticipated many later modernists by making the piano a part of his orchestra. Mr. Reddick, the chorus, and the scenic artist, Anthoni Panenko, were the heroes of the occasion, and Miss Elsie Wiebber, who sang Djamileh at the performance which I attended, made a great deal of her rôle. She also happens to be one of the few soprani equipped to wear with distinction the revelatory garments of Djamileh.



By this time it is probable that both operas are running smoothly, and, as I have suggested, they are worth the trip uptown to the Heckscher Theatre.

THE shortage of concert halls makes Sunday night a merry-go-round for music reporters, who leap from theatre to theatre. The congestion tends to minimize the importance of many concerts, such as the interesting experiment of Maurice de Packh, whose symphonic ensemble occupies the Jolson Theatre occasionally. Leaving the recital of Miss Ruth Breton, an exceptionally

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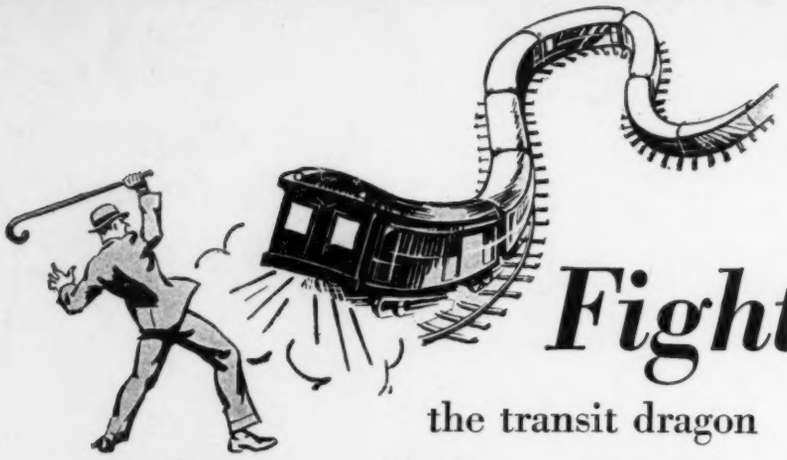

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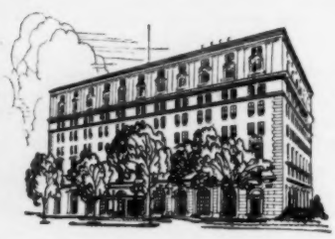

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gifted violinist who has a rare talent for bright program-making, I arrived at the Jolson in time to hear Mr. de Packh conduct his transcription of Eugene Goossens' ingratiating "Kaleidoscope." The young musician has translated the piano idiom of Goossens into straightforward orchestral terms, and the suite deserves the attention of other ensembles. There also were a few settings of Indian Love Lyrics by Mr. de Packh, the best of which was Valgovind's "Boat Song," a much better work than any of the famous "Pale Hands I Loved" ditties.

Miss Breton had a flock of novelties on her program, and a triad of arrangements by Willem de Boer of eighteenth-century Dutch music was a notable addition to the comparatively short list of respectable fiddle paraphrases.

MME. GANNA WALSKA finally appeared in New York. She sang with music in hand, and whenever there was a high note to be reached she seemed to be trying to scoop it up from the platform with her scores. Undoubtedly there was news value in the exhibition, but o tempora! o music!

—R. A. S.

CONCERT MUSIC RECORDS

"Tristan," "Rosenkavalier," and Two Moderns

THE mid-winter list of the Victor Company contains a page of imported recordings that includes so many valuable records that it is impossible to do justice to it, and Victor also has added recently to its operatic series the third act of "Tristan." This album is on a level with Victor's "Walküre," a well-recorded collection of discs involving two orchestras, three conductors, and a group of singers who are not known to American audiences. Walter Widdop, the English tenor, is vocally—I have no reports on his acting—a better Tristan than any available here, and the Isolde of Göta Ljungberg is uniformly well sung. Of course, recording artists have the advantage of not being compelled to go through the rigors of a continuous stage performance, and it may be that Mr. Widdop and Miss Ljungberg may sound as exhausted as their Metropolitan contemporaries when they sing in the opera

house. Ivar Andreson is a sonorous King Mark, and, all in all, the album is something for Wagnerites, perfect or imperfect. More "Tristan" is at hand in two Odeon recordings of excerpts from the second act, conducted by Max von Schillings, with the State Opera orchestra of Berlin. These are orchestral transcriptions, and it is most agreeable, for a change, to hear the music without the intrusion of vocalists.

Richard Strauss appears on the Victor list as conductor of the "Augmented Tivoli Orchestra." He directs the prelude to "Der Rosenkavalier"—a notorious descriptive bit which for some reason does not sound particularly embarrassing on wax—the "Silver Rose" music from the same opera, the waltzes and the trio and finale from the third act. This suite, which is arranged and transcribed by the composer, consumes three discs and is one of the most attractive offerings of the year.

MODERNISTS will be glad to hear that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has recorded the "Petrouschka" suite of Stravinsky, the conductor being, of course, Mr. Koussevitsky. It occupies five sides, the spare sixth going to something from Stravinsky's "Apollon Musagète." The "Petrouschka" records are first-rate, and nobody is compelled to play the "Apollon" dreariness. Mr. Koussevitsky also has placed on records Honegger's "Pacific 231," which, oddly enough, sounds more realistic on the discs than it does in the concert halls.

—R. A. S.

•

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER

ACCOMPANYING THE RETURN OF ONE SET OF CHESTWEIGHTS AND A PUNCHING-BAG RECEIVED BY THE WRITER AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

DEAR ELLA:

AT various times in the last three months you have said to me: "Oh, let's not go to a stuffy old theatre, let's do something nice and silly." Due to the fact that at the moment it isn't good for me to get myself excited, I'm only going to mention one or two of the nice silly things we did.

I suppose, though, you remember the afternoon you suggested we race up the Statue of Liberty? You got to the top first, and how surprised you were, coming down again to look for

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IT may come upon you suddenly, or it may just keep creeping up—that unaccountable desire to give something away. Nor does it have to collide with wedding dates, Christmas, or birthdays. It may come along any old time.

It has been known to happen after house-parties, when some not-so-bright but awfully nice hostess has admitted that she doesn't read THE NEW YORKER. Its occurrences have been noted at such varied times and places as a yachting trip to Nantucket, Mass., when the girl friend said she didn't read "On and Off the Avenue"; and in the throne-room of the palace at Jahore, India, what time Uncle Ned made the unexpected remark that he would swap all the wealth of the Indies for half an hour at Pierre's.

Our research department, after a thorough-going investigation of more than 6,956 possible gifts for such occasions, reports that a subscription to THE NEW YORKER most strictly conforms to the regulations and standards of the Bureau of Incidental Presentations, and in conformance with its recommendation, we have devised the following compact method for instant response to such altruistic urgings as may come upon you.

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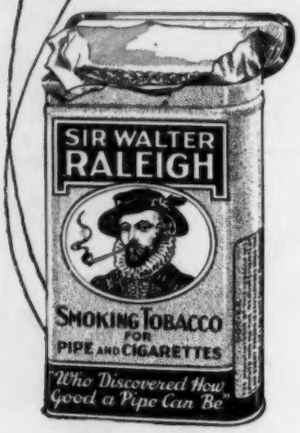

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me, to find that I'd had to lie down when I hadn't got a bit beyond the larynx! I remember that you stood there laughing at me, your eyes shining with health, your cheeks pink, little beads of mist like diamonds in your hair. I don't recall disliking anybody quite so intensely in my life.

Then, of course, there was that night in December when we took the ferry ride to New Jersey. It was raining but that only made it more fun to stand out on deck and look back at the lights on Riverside Drive which reminded you, I believe, of an electric fairyland. There's probably a lot of justice in what you said when you came to see me at the hospital—that only people who lead sedentary lives and smoke cigarettes get pneumonia. I just wonder if that was precisely the tactful moment to mention it.

One of the things I wonder about most these nights when pain keeps me twitching at the coverlet is just what I said that day we went skating and I fell down on my head and was unconscious for an hour or so. I gather that my subconscious was a little disorderly because it was almost two weeks before you'd let me see you again. I spend a lot of pleasant hours now thinking up things my subconscious might have said. As a matter of fact the day you hit me behind the ear with that snowball that got the little piece of brick mixed up in it, I said some things when I was conscious, but in retrospect I can see that they were pretty pale and inadequate.

As I write this I realize that it was practically suicidal for me to try to kiss you last night in the taxi. However, a certain bitter wisdom, characteristic of the habitual invalid, leads me to believe that whatever inconvenience I suffered from the temporary loss of my sight is nothing compared to what I would have gone through for the rest of my life had you chosen to favor my suit. In fact, after knowing you for slightly less than three months, I am convinced that it is only because my ancestors lived lives of terrific hardship, in continual conflict with the Indians, that I am still able to creep about the streets.

I must close now as it is three o'clock and time for my nap.

Sincerely yours,
WOLCOTT GIBBS

• •

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PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEBRUARY 13

DESPITE the fact that for the first time in modern annals, four real murderesses are awaiting the erection of the guillotine in the prison-yard of La Santé, the opening of "Le Procès de Mary Dugan" thrilled an audience of jurists. The adaptation of the play having been effected by Maître Torrès, the most popular criminal lawyer in Paris, from a translation by Carbuccia, son-in-law of the préfet of police, the Apollo was packed with the entire bar and higher court of the city. Mlle. Jane Chevrel, as the accused, was excellent, and the always able Harry Baur, as the accuser, was perfect. Unfortunately, the ranting Burgère, as brother Jimmy, had a collection of old-fashioned bad-acting habits surprising in one so young.

The Moulin Rouge has opened its new 1929 revue, and, since it is one of the four leading limb shows of the town, it may catch your attention when you come here in June to see the pictures in the Louvre. After years of French and British popularity, which reached its height after the war, Miss Janis, the star of the piece, is still one of the American favorites in France. Her imitations of Spinelly, of Max Dearly as Will Rogers, and, above all, of Miss Beatrice Lillie as Miss Beatrice Lillie (a flower so far unknown in France) brought her the bravos she deserved. The rest of the show has some of the highest high points (*vide* the décors for the Café Riche scene) and some of the lowest low points (we think it rude to point) we have ever seen. The lion-tamer's sketch is a riot and the Chiquita ensemble lovely—but a 1929 revue using "Chiquita" as music brings us to our dictum: that French revues offer only wine and women. And in the Moulin Rouge show but few of the latter are bare.

THE recent auction of Cécile Sorel's fine eighteenth-century collection supposedly had its climax in the quarter of a million francs paid for the so-called State, or DuBarry, bedstead. Mme. Sorel is the prop of the Comédie Française and DuBarry is her greatest rôle; the fact that with

VERY MODERN, VERY FASCINATING

THE women who have discovered the grace-giving, body-moulding Plastic Exercise so much in vogue now at Elizabeth Arden's Salons are very modern, very fascinating. All over the world those who know the secrets of Elizabeth Arden are the women one remembers.

During the try-out of a new Hispano, recently, between Paris and Cannes, conversation turned and returned to the radiant Countess de G . . . . . "Pretty enough to dare to be intellectual."

"Granted. And when she smiles, I don't care how much she knows."

The Countess has been for years accounted one of the most beautiful and brilliant women in Paris. She seems always to be everywhere. But if she feels the strain of her intensely active life, she shows no trace. Today she is as youthfully lovely and vivid as in her teens.

Like certain other of her countrywomen, she has known how to keep her bright beauty. Returning from Miss Arden's fashionable Salon at 2, rue de la Paix, she is free from those unwelcome lines and contours that time is wont to settle on face and figure.

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Mats. Thurs., Wash. B'day, & Sat.

CAPRICE

GUILD Th., W. 52, Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed., Thurs., Wash. B'day, & Sat., 2:40

Wings Over EUROPE

ALVIN Thea., W. 52d. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wash. B'day & Sat., 2:40

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Ruth GORDON *A. E.* MATTHEWS *Constance* COLLIER

MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday

THE

Front Page

UPROARIOUS
NEWSPAPER FARCE
TIMES SQ. THEATRE. W. 42 St.
Eves. at 8:50. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

SHUBERT Thea., 44th W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Feb. 22, Sat. & Wed. 2:30

WALTER WOOLF
in the Thrilling Musical Hit
"THE RED ROBE"
with HELEN GILLILAND

Arthur Hopkins presents Philip Barry's new comedy, "HOLIDAY," at the Plymouth Thea., W. 45th St. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35.

Extra Matinee Washington's Birthday

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EARL CARROLL'S Newest Musical Comedy
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Gertrude MacDonald and McCARTHY SISTERS

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HUDSON Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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BORDONI in **"PARIS"**
A Musicomedy by Martin Brown
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"You're the Cream in My Coffee" song hit
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Victor Moore
Ona Munson
Bert Lahr
Jack Whiting

Katharine
Cornell *in*
"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
EMPIRE Thea., B'way at 40th St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Ben Pollack and His Park Central Hotel Orchestra
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Lillie & Coward
in COCHRAN'S REVUE
This Year of Grace
with MOSS and FONTANA
Book, Lyrics & Music by NOEL COWARD
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A Karacter Komedy with
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SPECIAL MATINEE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

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THE **MARX** BROTHERS IN
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Good Balc. & Mezz. Seats $1 to $3

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CONGAI
with
HELEN MENKEN
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with JUNIOR DURKIN
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3 CHEERS
and Will is liable to talk about anything and anybody
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ELMER RICE'S NEW PLAY
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Evenings 8:50 and Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50
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HEDDA GABLER

LEXINGTON
NEWS
Feb. 23, 24, 25: "TRAIL OF '98" with Dolores Del Rio; Feb. 26, 27: "CASE OF LENA SMITH" with Esther Ralston; Feb. 28, Mar. 1: "SPIES"; Mar. 2, 3, 4: "THE RESCUE" with Ronald Colman & Lily Damita—Concert Orchestra.
51ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

such a background, and already well on in her sixties, the old actress should have decided to go modern is the real significance of the sale. Her hôtel is now to be redecorated by the best young bloods of today.

THE most important and talented modern French decorator, Jean Frank, has recently passed through your midst for the first time and is now in California at work on the home of Mr. Templeton Crocker. A Maecenas is necessary for M. Frank. To those who desire décors with a minimum of expense and a maximum of effect, he explains that he gives only the opposite. His bath for the Crocker mansion is to be of blue-green mirrors, silver bubbled glass, with black-marble floor, glass ceiling, and doors of *bois décapé*—wood, either old or new, scoured by acid in a process much in vogue in Paris now. M. Frank's merit as a stylist lies in his following no style: he still regards cubes as theories in solid geometry rather than as dining-room chairs. His second importance lies in his casual new use of rare old materials: he makes walls of parchment, bedrooms of sharkskin—precious skins ordinarily utilized for nothing larger than books or boxes. For luxury, taste, and talented ideas he is second to no one in Europe.

The second great French decorator is M. Djio Bourgeois. He is the opposite of M. Frank in all things except talent: he is architectural rather than decorative, modest rather than *mondain* in his materials, is highly stylized, and favors the school of the German, Groppius. His interiors are like other people's exteriors: all but the movable furnishings are built into his houses, and this may include tables and chairs. His designs thus have the immobile beauty of ship-cabins.

FOR the first time since the Italian renaissance, great artists here are making something besides pictures for the home. At Myrbor, the handwoven rugs designed by Léger, Lurçat, and Picasso, priced from eight hundred francs a square metre, allow one to trample real art under foot. Nothing better in the way of décors is coming out of France today. Another important French weaver is the Englishwoman, Evelyn Wilde, whose textiles are less expensive without being less fine. Among the women decorators are the American, Mme. Eyre de Lanux, who has just completed certain of the famous flats

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A new social comedy presented by
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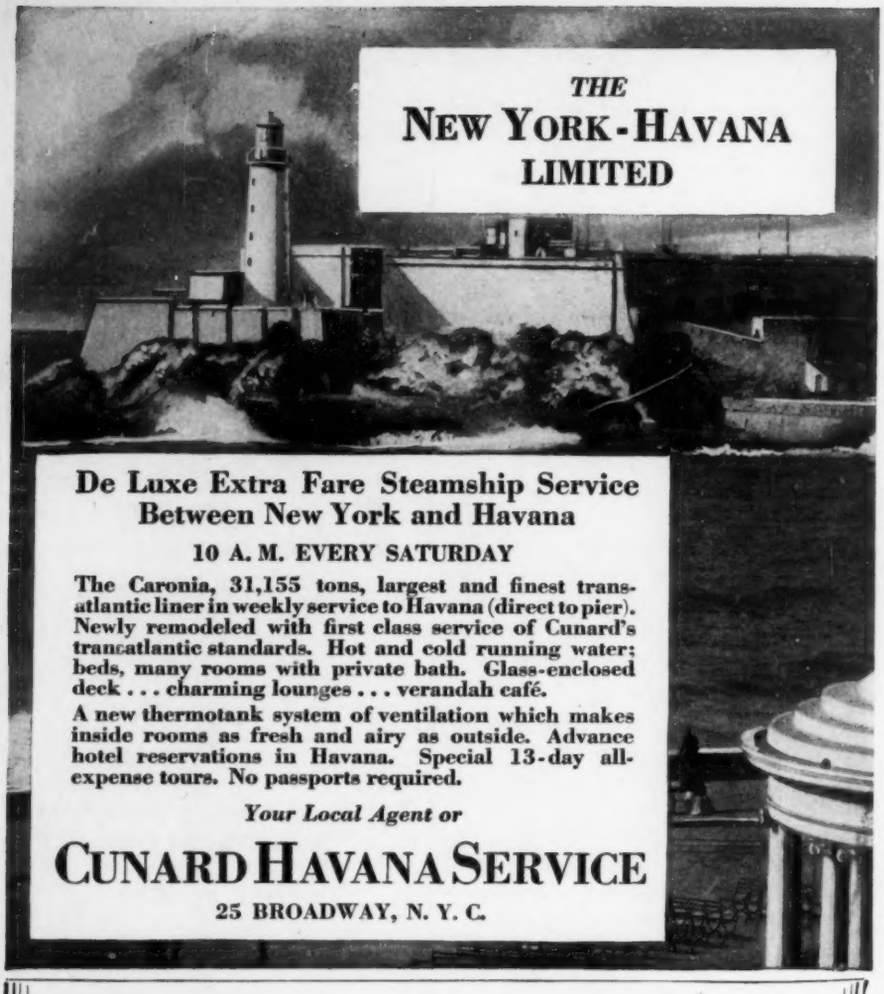

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As for DECORATIONS and EQUIPMENT . . . entrance halls will be done in Hofstatter's best manner . . . glass enclosed showers . . . one large cedar-finished closet in each suite . . . perfect Kelvinator refrigeration . . . lead-in radio wires . . . finest of bath room and kitchen fixtures.

Add to this management that strives for perfection and you have a rental apartment that takes rank with the best of co-operatives.

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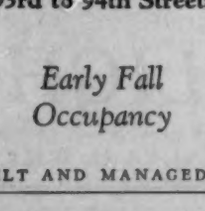

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in the Quai des Grands Augustins; Charlotte Perriand, who makes a specialty of the private bars of aluminum which are agreeably undermining Paris today; and Aileen Grey, another Anglaise, who has adapted negro art to white uses, concentrating on ebony terra cotta. Drian, the artist, is still making his curious and precious glass furniture; and if you wish to live in a complete glass house, Dufy, the painter, will make you china gardens. Desny, for modern doorknobs, gadgets, and lighting fixtures—one of the tardiest developments of *l'art nouveau* here—is the most spiritual and inventive of his colleagues: indeed, lighting in the modern French manner is inclined to be too inventive, and certain bedside lamps are so complicated that they leave the reader entirely in the dark. Mallet-Stevens and Lurçat, about whose paintings an excellent brochure has just appeared from the pen of Allanah Harper, still remain the dominant and slightly clumsy modern designers of France. To our mind the best thing either of them has done is Mallet-Stevens' aluminum and copper, all-metal façade of Bally's shop in the Boulevard de la Madeleine. It is the only modern French front which the Germans inspired, and it is one which they could not better.

INFORMATION from a bootlegging seafaring friend leads us to believe that practically none of the French wine sold in New York is French, champagne, brandy, and vermouth being the only articles for which a good tar takes up his time. One hundred and fifty dollars a trip as pay for smuggling is about the most a simple seaman can hope for.

One of the best rackets here is smuggling American bootleg whiskey into France and out to South American countries which have never heard of Volstead but have taxed alcoholic beverages so high that Harlem hooch can undersell them and stir up revolutions at the same time. —GENÊT

•

CHICAGO, Jan. 24 (AP)—New models in pickles, following the general trend of beauty which pickle men have noted in other branches of industry, are announced by the Pickle Packer's Association, now in annual session. "Civilized Americans," said Prof. George E. Starr, "demand that their food be pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate, and at last we have grown a cucumber which we believe will answer both requirements."—*Miami (Fla.) Daily News.*

Oh, to live wholly beautifully!

JUST A QUIET EVENING

(THE CURRENT TREND IN ENTERTAINING)

FORTUNATE are those who are invited to Mrs. Dickering Aspinwall's delightful dinner parties. I am happy to state that I have been intimate with her and many of her closest friends for a good many years, but accustomed as I was to her originality, I hardly contemplated the treat in store for me the other evening.

At first I was somewhat taken aback when Holworthy, her long-trusted butler, restrained me from entering the living-room. "Just a minute, sir," he said gently, and before I knew what had happened he had adroitly secured a blindfold around my eyes.

"Now you may come in," announced Mrs. Aspinwall. "There are present," she continued in a monotonous voice which savored of frequent rehearsals, "eleven people, all of whom you know. You will shake hands with them and—"

"Choose the one I like best without endeavoring to establish identity," I suggested.

"No," laughed my hostess. "Merely try to identify." I got seven.

"That puts you in fourth place," she announced. "Harry Steele got nine out of ten." We were interrupted by the entrance of cocktails, a dozen of them and each one different. I noticed that the glasses were numbered from one to twelve.

"In these," proclaimed Mrs. Aspinwall, "are a variety of liquors and ingredients—fifteen-year-old bourbon, two-day-old gin, two-year-old gin, genuine Kentucky rye, lemon juice, vermouth, pineapple juice, bitters, Brooklyn Scotch, synthetic champagne, grenadine, orange juice, honey, authentic Bacardi, and various other contributing tastes and factors. Each guest will sample all twelve and write down his guess for each one."

I CANNOT go into the mathematical details of this intricate test, but suffice it to say that I scored .34172 to finish in seventh place to a winning .70011, which you must admit to be a remarkably high figure of accuracy. This was exceedingly discouraging, but I am happy to report that I redeemed myself after they put the blindfolds on us for the soup-guessing test. I scored eleven out of twelve for a clean-cut victory, missing only on terrapin, which I most unfortunately called veal.

On meats and vegetables I fared in-

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"And of all the ways of grooming the finger tips I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish the most flattering . ."

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S rare appeal lies not alone in her great talent, but in her wistful haunting voice and her strikingly expressive hands. The charm of Miss Barrymore's dramatic hands is heightened by the brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Today 'all the world's a stage,'" quoted Ethel Barrymore gaily. "Everywhere fastidious women are faultlessly groomed and the spotlight of attention is always on them.

"The hands particularly must be sparkling," Miss Barrymore declared. "The new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp! I take along the Cutex Manicure Kit on all my tours," she added. For smooth nails and exquisitely white nail tips demand regular care with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Cream. "Applied now and then," finished Miss Barrymore, "they keep my shining nail tips ready for their cue!"

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

"Never fails to protect my nails," says Marie Martin, a Winter Sports Favorite

Miss Martin said, "At Placid, one's nails get simply frightful, all stained and grubby!

"But the new Cutex Liquid Polish never fails to protect my nails. A thorough wash, and they shine forth just as if I had had a brand new manicure. I just adore it!"

The new Cutex Liquid Polish

Special Introductory Offer—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054-Montreal, Canada.)

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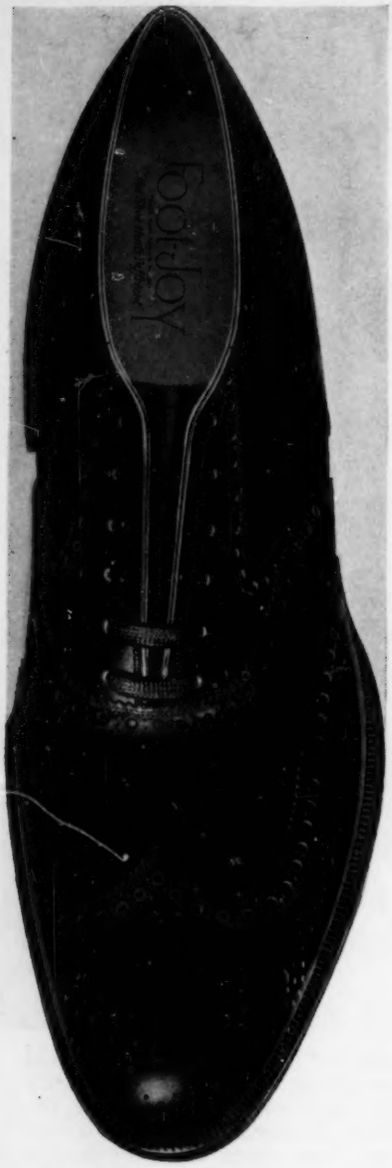

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differently, but came off with a second place on salads and a tie for third on desserts. By this time we were all a little irritable at having been blindfolded for slightly over two hours, and our hostess, sensing the situation, allowed us to take the coffee test with our vision unimpaired. One cup of coffee looks just like the next one, anyhow, but of course I had to go and flunk on the three brands of caffeineless beverage which went to make up the dozen.

After dinner we were allowed a ten-minute rest before the literary test, in which Mr. Aspinwall, who reads *so* well, gave us excerpts from the works of ten literary giants past and present. I got a flat seventy per cent, but can only attribute confusing James Joyce with Matthew Arnold to sheer brain fag. At guessing ten composers (on the gramophone), I was a miserable failure, and refused absolutely to take part in the furniture contest.

TO chronicle things faithfully, I must report that our party broke up at 12:19, Mary Seymour guessing the time most accurately at 12:21.

"I hope," said Mrs. Aspinwall as she bade me farewell, "that you've enjoyed yourself."

I had my answer all ready. "I guess so," said I nonchalantly, and groped my way to the street to search my favorite brand of taxicab. But how I ever happened to walk out with Charlie Fulton's hat, I can't imagine.

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

"ALOHA OE"

OF course it's supposed to be dry, but the natives make this po: nt O Cooley How stuff out of roots and everything. Everybody in Hawaii drinks it all the time. It's sort of like cognac, only it hasn't that cognac taste. The islands? Oh, I don't know—I think they're owned by Japan or Great Britain or somebody like that. They used to have these Hawaiian princes and princesses, but now it's different. I mean, these princes just kind of raise pineapples and teach you how to surf-board and everything. The princesses play ukes and dance this hula dance and sing Hawaiian songs. Then, they have these *leis* that everybody sort of drapes around your neck when you land. They literally cover you with these *leis*.

Nobody does any work or anything

THE AFTER-THEATRE LOW-DOWN

"THE FRONT PAGE"

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in Honolulu. You lie around on the beach all day long and these beach boys are terribly nice. We used to invite them up to our room for cocktails and everything, but it isn't like asking a servant to a cocktail party, exactly. I mean, you don't mind, because probably they were dukes or something, and just because they're black—after all, you'd go around in this country with an Indian, wouldn't you?

This Duke Somebody person proposed to me, and, I mean, I didn't turn him down just because he was a beach boy; but, I don't know, I guess it wouldn't have gone so big with the family. Lord! Could he play the guitar?

I DON'T know how anybody does any work there because you get so lazy and everybody's always in a bathing suit or giving a cocktail party or something like that. I met this man who went there for two weeks and now he's been there for three years. He went over to see about raising sugar cane, and now he's the blackest thing you ever saw. Honestly! You can't tell him from a native. Why, he doesn't do anything but sort of lie around on the beach and give these marvellous cocktail parties.

Mother got simply wild at me, Ada, because, I mean, we'd go out with these boys and wouldn't get back until breakfast. Of course, you couldn't do that in New York, but over there nobody sort of gives a darn one way or another; I mean, you just do as you please on account of the climate and environment and everything.

You'll just *have* to go there sometime, Ada. All anybody does is to wander around and nobody has to be any place or anything. When you leave they sing this terribly sad "Aloha Oe" thing. I mean, all the natives and everybody put these *leis* around your neck and sing this awfully sad farewell song called "Aloha Oe."

—JACK CLUETT

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RECENT BOOKS

Assorted Civics—And a Lone Touch of Romance

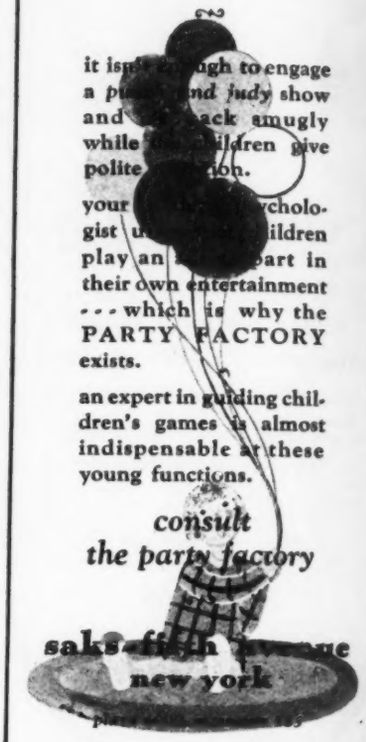
"IN THE REIGN OF ROTHSTEIN," a sprightly volume by Donald Henderson Clarke, a gentleman of the press tells what really happened in the city of New York while Arnold Rothstein lived. It is all front-page stuff and good melodrama, with Peggy Joyce, Gertrude Vanderbilt, and Fannie Brice in the leading feminine rôles; Rothstein, Bill Fallon, Dapper Dan, and Nicky Arnstein as heavies. Mr. Clarke has an ingratiating journalistic style, and while his book is not a monument to civic virtue, it indicates that New York, as well as Chicago, has grounds for one variety of civic pride.

IF you like seeing yourself from the transatlantic viewpoint, you will be interested in Bernard Faÿ's "The American Experiment." Once you have leapt over the first chapters on the origin and growth of American civilization, which seemed to us rather heavily historical, you come to an illuminating and pungent discussion of American literature, art, education, religious life, newspapers, and to some particularly pointed comments on prohibition—a phenomenon which never fails to fascinate Europeans.

"DARKENED ROOMS," by Sir Philip Gibbs, tells an entertaining story about a charlatan, Emery Jago, who is a medium, a hypnotist, a mind-reader, and a thoroughly bad egg. Curiosity brings a group of charming people to one of his séances: a distinguished K.C., a lovely lady, a biologist, and a Roman Catholic. They come as skeptics and they depart defending, with varying degrees of conviction, their own skepticism. Jago's methods are probably typical of most professional spiritualists. He is an interesting person—hateful, but with enough sincerity mixed with his unscrupulousness to make him plausible. The story itself holds one's attention, —and Sir Philip puts over his propaganda very effectively.

FRANCIS WILSON'S "John Wilkes Booth" is full of interest, although

keeping them entertained



it isn't enough to engage a *punch and judy* show and then sack amugly while the children give polite attention.

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its literary style leaves much to be desired, being ponderous and repetitious. It is worth reading if only for the painstaking and sympathetic reconstruction it makes of the causes leading up to Lincoln's assassination, and for its discussion of the legends about Booth's survival, which have been so constant since the shot in the burning barn put an end to that fanatic spirit.

Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley have joined forces in writing a thoroughly amusing story, "Farthing Hall." Believing that every lover has a confidant, they tell their romantic and delightful tale in letters; the letters of Mark French, a painter who pursues a lovely stranger from London to the lake country, and of Robert Newlands, scholar and scribe, who pursues a runaway wife to the same spot. —R. L. L.

•

SHORT INSPIRATIONAL TALK FOR YOUNG WOMEN

Paint your lips and curl your hair,
And when he telephones, be there.
Sympathize with every ill;
Never doubt a single chill.
If he says his head is hot,
Though you're pretty sure it's not,
Let him think you're worried too,
Worried almost black and blue.

Wear his favorite evening dress,
And be glad he notices
What you wear. And as for his
Suits and neckties, never miss
Any opportunity
To remark how tastefully
He depicts from hat to pants
Real sartorial elegance.

Don't begrudge a merry roar
At the jokes you've heard before.
Listen, wide-eyed, to each myth
He elects to tempt you with;
Hang on every word and wish;
Take to lima beans and fish
If that diet suits his whim—
Anything to humor him.

Make him feel you think he's just
Thrilling, as indeed you must.
Otherwise, why bother, when
There are other supermen,
And besides, you know you'd be
Much more advantageously
Occupied, in sewing seams,
Reading books, or dreaming dreams.
—Margaret Fishback

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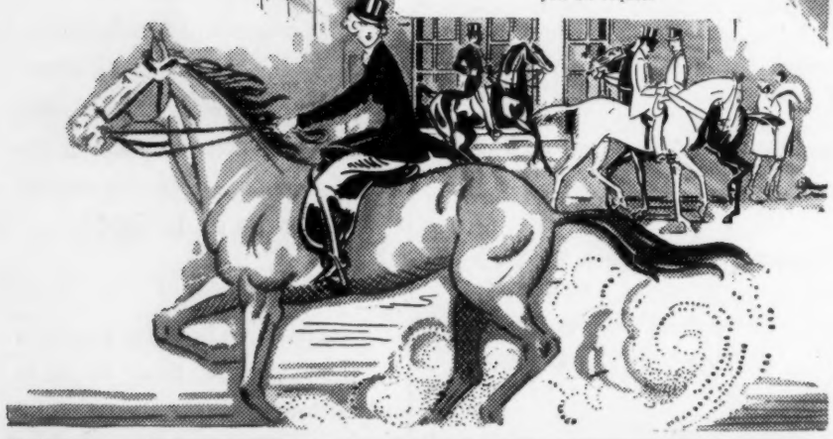

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

FARTHING HALL, by Hugh Walpole and J. B. Priestley (*Doubleday, Doran*). A lighthearted and diverting exchange of letters recounting the pursuit of a fair unknown and a runaway wife, by a lover and a husband, respectively.

DARKENED ROOMS, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). An engrossing account of a Cockney spiritualist and the methods of his trade.

MADONNA WITHOUT CHILD, by Myron Brinig (*Doubleday, Doran*). An old maid's vicarious maternity is the theme of a beautiful and moving first novel.

THE SILVER VIRGIN, by Ida A. R. Wylie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Love, passion, and loyalty in the aftermath of war. A skillful treatment.

SALAD DAYS, by Theodora Benson (*Harper*). Delightful young people and their adolescence. Sprightly and engaging.

THE PEEP SHOW, by Alice Dudeney (*Putnam*). Adventures in the mind of a fascinating woman with a psychic scar.

MR. AMBERTHWAITE, by Louis Marlow (*Knopf*). Four quite different types foregather as the result of an ocean voyage, and a sophisticated and amusing story results.

PRIMA DONNA, by Pitts Sanborn (*Longmans, Green*). An intimate and entertaining view of a plausible American diva, by a music critic who also lists his artistic and culinary preferences.

HUMDRUM HOUSE, by Jeanette Phillips Gibbs (*Little, Brown*). A woman is forced to become interesting rather than domestic to keep her husband's erring affections.

ARMISTICE AND OTHER MEMORIES, by R. H. Mottram (*Dial Press*). Some excellent short stories, vignettes of the war by the author of "The Spanish Farm."

THE LAST SEPTEMBER, by Elizabeth Bowen (*Dial Press*). A group of amusing people in Ireland at the time of the revolution. Suave and sophisticated.

Less recent:

ACCIDENT, by Arnold Bennett. MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS, by Du Bose Heyward. TRANSPORT, by Isa Glenn. A VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF THE ARTICOLES, by André Maurois. THE SLOWER JUDAS, by G. B. Stern. THE SNAKE PIT, by Sigrid Undset. PROCESSION, by Fannie Hurst. FIRST LOVE, by E. M. Delafield. PEDER VICTORIOUS, by O. E. Rolvaag. THROUGH BEDS OF STONE, by M. L. Haskins. WHILE THE BRIDEGROOM TARRIED, by Edna Bryner. THE GALLANT CAME LATE, by Marian Storm. MANTIS, by Ethelreda Lewis.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

THE BLESTON MYSTERY, by Robert Millward Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE HOUSE ON TOLLAND RIDGE, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*).... THE RECLUSE OF FIFTH AVENUE, by Wyndham Martin (*McBride*).... THE MAN WHO NEVER BLUNDERED, by Sinclair Gluck (*Dodd, Mead*).... CHIPSTEAD OF THE LONE HAND, by Sydney Horler (*Holt*).... THE HAVERING PLOT, by Richard Keverne (*Harper*).... THE ROBBERY AT RUD-

WICK HOUSE, by Victor L. Whitechurch (*Duffield*). . . . SHADOWED, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). . . . THE FLYING SQUAD, by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE HOUSE THAT WHISPERED, by Samuel Emery (*Dutton*). . . . GOLD BULLETS, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . THE TREASURE HOUSE OF MARTIN HEWS, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . THE SEALED TRUNK, by Henry Kitchell Webster (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE LAYTON COURT MYSTERY, by Anthony Berkeley (*Doubleday, Doran*).

GENERAL

IN THE REIGN OF ROTHSTEIN, by Donald Henderson Clarke (*Vanguard Press*). The inside story of the upper underworld of New York.

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT, by Bernard Fay (*Harcourt, Brace*). The panorama of American civilization as seen through European eyes. Provocative and illuminating.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH, by Francis Wilson (*Houghton, Mifflin*). An absorbing account of Booth's youth and early career, and the dreadful climax of his life. Also a recapitulation of the legends about his escape.

SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA, by Christopher Morley (*Doubleday, Doran*). Souvenir of Hoboken and the old Rialto Theatre—with a useful map for pilgrims on the jacket.

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT, by George Seldes (*Payson & Clarke*). The suppressed history of the last decade written by a newspaperman who was among those to unearth the news.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS, by Irma Duncan and Allen MacDougall (*Covici, Friede*). Art for Isadora's sake. Letters and memorabilia to and from Isadora which seem trivial and mercenary.

TROUPERS OF THE GOLD COAST, by Constance Rourke (*Harcourt, Brace*). Fascinating story of the California stage after the gold rush.

DINNERS LONG AND SHORT, by A. H. Adair (*Knopf*). Menus and recipes that make delightful reading even in a prohibition country.

THE KRASSIN, by Maurice Parijanine (*Macaulay*). One version of the rescue of the survivors of the Italia. Dramatic and shocking.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE ITALIA, by Davide Giudice (*Appleton*). The other side of the story. An Italian's point of view about the Zappi-Malmgren-Mariano controversy.

ANDREW JACKSON, THE GENTLE SAVAGE, by David Karsner (*Brentano*). The character of our seventh president in some detail. Entertaining biography.

Less recent:

MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT, by Muriel Draper. SIMON GIRTY, by Thomas Boyd. PERSONALITIES OF ANTIQUITY, by Arthur Weigall.

•

Joseph Fink, 3 years old, who returned to New York recently after spending six months in a London prison, appeared before Judge George L. Donnellan in General Sessions today and was sentenced to jail for a term of from two and a half to five years for grand larceny.—*The Sun.*

Incorrigible, apparently.

funnymen

IT TOOK the comic strips of American newspapers to reconvince the world in this generation that the ways of life most readily can be illuminated by humor and burlesque. With uproarious strokes and sympathetic, rowdy lines, the creators of these strips sent reeling across the nation the grotesque company of funnymen whose names have become part of the language. Their antics have set millions of mouths to shouting with laughter. Their all too risible disasters and tragedies have filled millions of hearts with a new tolerance and a new pity. They are life caught in a funny net of lines and curves.

The *New York Evening Journal*, particularly, has been a leader in this refreshing and joyous art. Today, the *Journal's* daily strips of funny pictures are the most moving and laugh breeding that appear in any daily paper. How the laughs spring from the antics of the cat, the mouse and the brick that George Herriman transmutes into the immortal "Krazy Kat" series! And Harry Hershfield's "Abie the Agent"! Abie is better known than some Presidents. "Just Kids" by Ad Carter, "Brodie Betts" by Ray McGill, "Dumb Dora" by Chic Young, "Thimble Theatre" by Segar, "Outdoor Sports" by Tad, "Kayo Tortoni" by McGurk, "Polly and Her Pals" by Cliff Sterrett, "The News In Comic Vein" by Tom Powers, all these are funny strips, seeds from which much healthy laughter grows, rich slices cut from the deep heart of humanity by brilliant artists that *New York Evening Journal* readers may enjoy a daily gust of gaiety.

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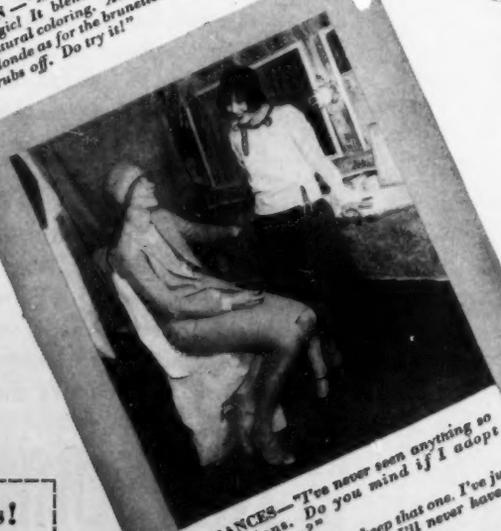
ANN—"Ah! But TANGEE has hidden magic! It blends exactly with your own natural coloring. And it's as good for the blonde as for the brunette. Besides, it never rubs off. Do try it!"



FRANCES—"I've never seen anything so marvelous. Do you mind if I adopt TANGEE too?"

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Ann is brunette, and Frances is blonde—but see how perfectly Tangee does for both! In an amazing way, Tangee changes as you put it on, from its original color to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty. Truly a marvelous lipstick and rouge.

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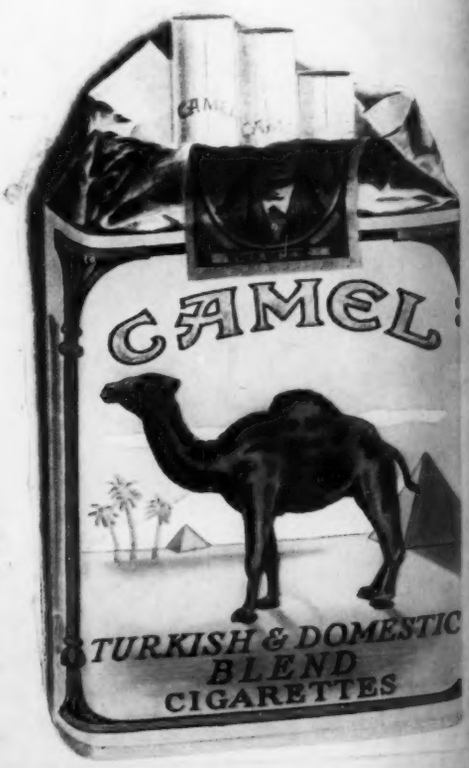

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